

# NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1880.



THE RIP-RAPS.

## AROUND OLD POINT COMFORT.

IN a certain bright Tuesday in October, year not given, we find ourselves (who we are is a matter of not the least possible concern to any body) on board of the *Wyanoke*, bound for Old Point Comfort. After the soft balmy days during which the Autumn has been putting on the juvenile airs of Spring, the year has suddenly come to its senses, and, realizing that "its life is in the vere and yellow leaf," has taken on the pleasant

crispness appropriate to the latter part of October. A brisk breeze ruffles the surface of the broad bay into life and sparkling beauty, but the steamer glides on steady keel past the forts and the little islands, past the light-houses, out to the long swell and flow of the ocean. The sun sets in clouds of golden glory, billows of rose and amber in the western sky, long streaks and twirls and twists of radiant color shining in



VIEW OF FORTRESS MONROE, LOOKING EAST.

softer, fainter hues on the heaving waters. Up out of the ocean comes the moon, a fiery ball, clearing as she rises, until she shines pure and fair above us, pouring over the dark blue sea her trail of rippling silver. We wrap ourselves in cloaks and shawls and cower on the sheltered side of the smoke-stack to watch the solemn splendor. Our voices are low and hushed, as the night wears slowly on, and only the sky and the sea flooded with pure white light are around us; and the wild sea wind shouts his jubilant music in our ears, and swings our cradle lightly with soft touches of his mighty hand.

The morning rises fair and radiant, and the good ship churns her foamy way under deep blue skies, across which the swift wind hurls masses of gleaming pearly clouds. To the west the land shows low and faint; to the east is only the broad sea of steely gray,

all ruffled with the breeze, and sparkling in the sunlight, curiously barred as it nears the horizon with streaks of pale, weird green.

The day is half gone when the word reaches us that we are passing between the capes. We strain our eyes to discern Charles and Henry, grim sentinels that guard the portals of Virginia, each with his nightly crown of flashing light. Almost two and three-quarters centuries ago (1606) they were first discerned by old Christopher Newport after his terrible four months' voyage, and still they stand unchanged, while the princes in whose honor they were named have long since slept,—

"Deep in dim death where no thought stings,  
No record clings."

What queer little light-houses dot the surface of Hampton Roads, low and squat, propped upon straggling legs and looking,

from the distance at which we gaze upon them, like huge uncanny spiders.

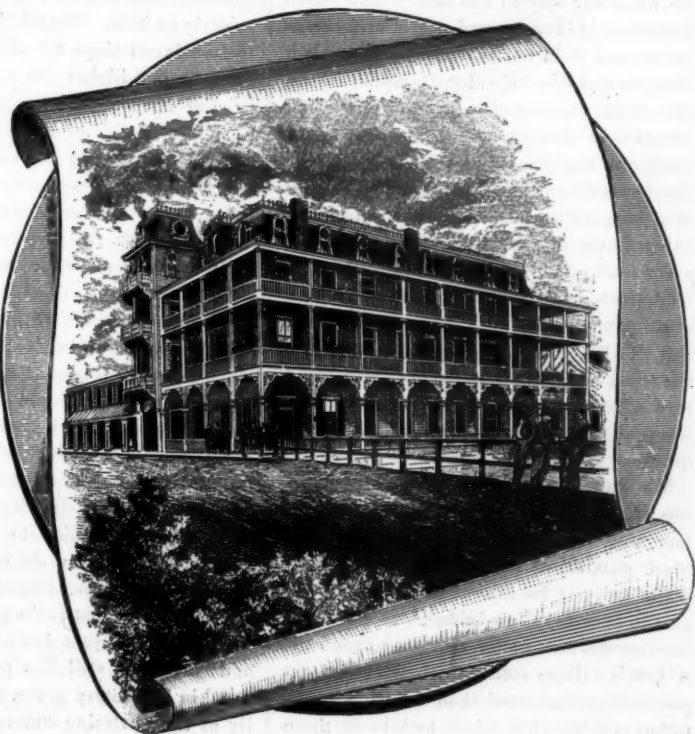
Boom! goes the little gun on the forward deck, as we glide past gray Fortress Monroe. Boom! boom! go the great guns from the ramparts, but not in answer to our salute, for to that the grim old fort deigns no reply. The artillery school are practicing on the ramparts, and shot and shell go screaming away over the water, though not until we are safely out of range. We have reached Portsmouth where we disembark, and take the Baltimore boat back to Old Point Comfort.

"A 'point,' evidently, and 'old,' probably; but how about the 'comfort?' " one asks involuntarily.

It was in 1608, two years after Christopher Newport christened the capes of Virginia, that Old Point Comfort received the name which it still bears. Captain John Smith of Pocahontas memory was its sponsor, but whether he foreswore for it "the world, the flesh, and the devil" may well be doubted. Certainly he would gladly have foresworn "the murdering Indian devils," from whom he and his little band of explorers (part of Newport's expedition) were fleeing when they were overtaken by a storm on the broad bosom of Hampton Roads. The little boat tossed helplessly upon the raging waters throughout the night, and the worn and weary mariners, hope-

less of succor, had well-nigh given themselves up to despair. Morning broke at last and its first rays showed them a long low tongue of land to which they turned their strained and weary eyes, giving to it the name of the feeling which it brought them, "Comfort."

The moon has risen and we are nearing our destination. Before us, at the end of the long dark wharf, the pretty Hygeia Hotel sparkles with lights. On the dock lanterns are flashing, and indistinct figures move hither and thither, their voices blending with the low murmur of the surf which breaks creamy-white upon the beach. Three soldiers, their trowel-bayonets flashing in the moonlight, pace their monotonous round between us and the shore, for Old Point Comfort is a government reservation, and we are now under the heel of a military despotism. With flashing wheels and glimmering lights the huge boat steams slowly away from



THE HYGEIA HOTEL.



INTERIOR OF THE FORT.

the wharf, the crowd disperses, the soldiers shoulder arms and march back to the fort, and we wend our way to the hotel where rooms have already been secured. We have breakfasted, and from our window we look upon that glorious sheet of water, Hampton Roads, one of the finest and safest anchorages in America or the whole world. Just away yonder is the place where the crew of the *Cumberland* went down to their death. Indeed, some of the most stirring memories of our country cluster around this spot, and every inch of it is "sacred soil." But the bugle calls, and we suppose that something is going on there. It is only guard mounting, and we watch the brilliant scene while the band rings out its stirring strains and rank after rank of men, their bayonets glittering in the sunlight, come up at the double-quick to take their places.

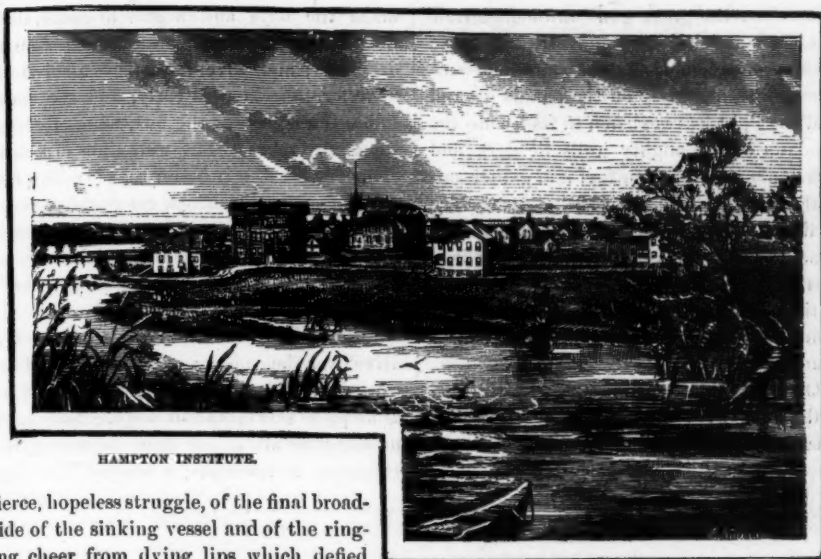
We walk around the water-battery along the edge of the sullen moat; we look at the long row of embrasures, each with its grim black gun, silent and motionless now, but ready to pour its avalanche of death; we pass in over the draw-bridge, where the sentinel paces, and under the solid arch-way. A fort, a village rather, with its broad expanse of greenest ward, shaded by live-oaks—rather scrubby they might look to southern eyes, but they answer their purpose. It is

almost impossible to realize that we are not wandering over some shaded village green, surrounded by pretty cottages and the little church with its slender spire, for all the world like a tower in a box of German toys.

"A fortress," says Peter Parley, or some other equally competent authority, "is properly a fortified town, or a fort large enough, and intended to afford a permanent residence, for other than its garrison"—a sort of irregular superlative of fort, perhaps.

This fortress was begun in 1817; but the advantages of the situation were perceived by the first settlers, who erected a small fort here in their rude primitive fashion as early as 1629. We climb to the ramparts by the broad slope up which the guns are dragged, and higher yet mount the parapet by the aid of one of the gun-carriages. Hampton Roads lies below and around us, a sheet of shimmering silver under the eastern sun, the broad, calm, beautiful harbor over which flocks of snowy sails flit lightly, and steamships ply their ponderous way, and brisk little steam tugs bustle about. Out there, in the midst of the water, is the Rip Raps, upon the unfinished fort on which the government had just expended a fortune when the new style of artillery came up, before which the ponderous walls would be but as a fragile toy. So the work was suspended, and the desolate little artificial island, with its magnificent beginnings, lies there forlornly like a grand life blighted into uselessness forever. Yonder, to the right, opens the James River and the cape at its mouth is Newport News, named for brave old Christopher. That is the precise spot where the *Cumberland* went down with colors flying and where she still lies proud and unpoluted in her watery grave. We gaze dreamily at the glittering waters as we think of the tragedy of that 8th of March, 1862, of the





HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

fierce, hopeless struggle, of the final broadside of the sinking vessel and of the ringing cheer from dying lips which defied the foe, even as the waters were closing over the fated vessel. Then our eyes wander away to the left where Chesapeake Bay opens out, and away on the horizon as moving lines of misty light show us where heaves the broad Atlantic.

We descend from the ramparts, and wander again over the seventy acres which the fort incloses within its massive walls. We wonder at the apparatus which, before the ball strikes the target, has measured and recorded the velocity of the shot; at the simple means by which the explosive force of powder is tested; the Gatling-gun, said to be equal to a whole regiment of foot-soldiers, a simple but terrible engine of death; the museum with its collection of arms of all ages and countries. The afternoon is waning and there is the sound of great guns. The artillery school are practicing upon the ramparts, and we hasten to see them. Seated at our ease upon the ramparts, crushing out at every motion the pungent odor of the wild garlics which grow thickly amidst the grass, we watch the officers and soldiers who group themselves against the sky and make unconscious pictures for our appreciative eyes. Boom! goes a mortar, and with a long screaming hiss the shell flies over the water,

pauses and bursts into a puff of pearl-tinted vapor against the deep blue sky, while the iron fragments shower around and over the target which dances far out upon the sunny water, and boom, comes back, faint and far, the echo of the report with which it burst. Now a round shot goes skimming along, sending up a flashing fountain of spray as it plunges sullenly downward at the end of its curving flight. But we like the shells best, and we watch them untiringly until the practice is over. That erect, gray-haired old man with the sergeant's stripes upon his sleeve, is Sergeant Welsh, one of the best gunners in the army. He it was who, during the war, shot away the Confederate flag-staff from Sewall's Point, five miles distant. He was offered a captaincy for the exploit, but the shoulder-straps did not dazzle the brave old man. He refused the offer of promotion and clung to his humble stripes and in so doing glorified them.

Though Hampton is only three miles away, we have not, at the end of three days, yet been there. We are not doing our duty in the way of sight-seeing. But the time slips away so pleasantly as we dawdle about the fort with its fascinating suggestions of the time when the peaceful inclosure

was all astir with the fierce commotion of war, when the great guns thundered from the walls and the stars and strips flaunted their proud defiance to the stars and bars. The sun shines gayly on the parade ground and the light leaves glisten in its beams, the shadows of the mighty walls lie dark and heavy along the golden turf and gather sullenly in angles and arch-ways. Peace reigns again in the land and the old fort holds its peace, with never a murmur from the iron lips which once rang out the victory for a nation. Sullen and still, like a crouching lion it lies, biding its time, which Heaven grant may never come again.

Only a few weeks ago it was all astir with a different kind of life. Then the hotel was crowded with guests and the fort was alive with visitors; and rides and drives,

hops and concerts, boating and bathing made the days and nights a continuous round of varied amusements. The season is over now, and, save for a few tourists *en route* for Florida this early, and the families of the officers at the fort, none of whom we know, the place is well-nigh deserted. Somehow we like it better so. We like the sense of ownership which comparative loneliness gives. We feel like setting up our flag and taking possession by right of discovery of the nooks and corners into which we stray.

But at last we are off for Hampton. We drive over the causeway and the long bridge where the weary sentinel only glances at us as he plods slowly up and down. Not much to see, after all, is our first thought when Hampton is reached. A shabby rambling

place with worn, dusty roads, generally destitute of sidewalks, winding about promiscuously among the rude cabins which principally compose the town. It was burned by Magruder lest it should afford aid and shelter to the Union troops.

We are told much of the beauties and glories of Hampton in the days before the war. It may all be true; it is hard to prove or disprove, for only one of the original houses is left standing



THE DOCK.

That is an old-fashioned building of brick, stained and darkened by time, respectable but by no means imposing. If we are to believe the report of an eye-witness, Hampton could not have been altogether a paradise even before the conflagration.

"The town," he writes, "bore no evidence of thrift. It looked as though it were sleepy and indolent in the best of times, having oysters for its chief merchandise. The streets were paved, but the pavements were of large irregular stones and unevenly laid. Few houses were new and, excepting St. John's church, the public edifices were mean."

We pause before old St. John's Church, dingy and primitive, interesting only from its extreme age, the bricks of which it is built having been brought from England for the purpose in 1660. It has twice been destroyed and rebuilt, but always with the original bricks. The old grave-yard, with its weather-stained, mossy stones, some of which date back as far as 1701, is all overgrown with weeds and briars and defaced by trices of the late war. The quiet old graves, which hold their buried treasures in such gentle but tenacious clasp, what tales they might tell us if they could but speak of the scenes that they have witnessed while the flood of life has swept by and left them unchanged; of days when the red Indian prowled by night and the white man watched in fear and anguish; of proud old colonial days, when the distant country from which these bricks were brought was "home" and father-land; of golden days of peace and prosperity; of dark days when the red tide of war poured over this quiet spot! But the dead are dead, and the hoary stones tell no tales, and so silently we pass through the iron gate and leave the sleepers to their voiceless rest.

I look around and try to picture to myself faintly some of the scenes which have been enacted here, try to feel myself on historic ground trodden once by feet of Pocahontas and Powhatan, of John Smith and brave old Newport; try to conjure up the "Spirit of '76," as I think of Cornwallis "marching up and down Virginia stealing tobacco;" try even to bring back the

feelings of a short few years before, when Butler, in yonder fortress, solved the problem of a nation by the utterance of the one word "Contraband," and that word, caught up by every loyal wind of heaven, flew far and wide throughout the land and stamped itself upon a race.

Back flies my errant fancy to that 24th of October, 1775, when the inhabitants of the town of Hampton, loyal Americans or British rebels as you choose to call them, saw Captain Squire's six tenders sailing up the creek. My heart beats with the hearts of the watchers who see the boats filled with armed men put off from the ships and pull swiftly to the shore. Poor, pultry little town! What can it do against this powerful fleet? Never a cannon have they, never a rampart to turn back the deadly balls from those grinning muzzles. Only their hunting rifles and their high, undaunted hearts—"Lord, what are they against so many?" And yet—and yet the battle is not always to the strong. Hidden behind fences, lurking behind bushes and shrubs, are the men of brave old Hampton. The boats approach, they touch the shore, when suddenly from behind bush and shrub and fence leaps a shower of bullets. Straight and true they come, and "every bullet has its billet," and for each report a foeman drops. And, look! disorganized, demoralized, the British turn and flee back to the tenders which swing lazily at their anchors. Through the rain Captain Woodford, at the head of one hundred of the Culpepper militia, is marching to the relief of Hampton. When the gray dawn breaks the tenders have crept up close to the shore, and now a ringing broadside is poured through the quiet streets. And again from fence and bush, and shrub, leap the deadly bullets, straight to their mark. Not a sailor, not a gunner can show himself, for ever so brief an instant, but he drops with an ounce of American lead in his heart. The crews cast themselves face downward upon the decks, groveling there in their hideous panic to escape the certain death which a motion will bring upon them. The commander of one of the tenders leaps overboard in his terror and swims to the oppo-



THE CONSERVATORY—SOLDIERS' HOME.

site shore. The other tenders endeavor to draw off, but two of them drift ashore and are captured. The British are hopelessly routed in this their first battle upon Virginian soil—routed by a handful of Virginians armed only with their old-fashioned hunting rifles.

Time has drifted on. It is now the year of grace 1813. All day the fight has been raging about Craney Island. The British have been defeated with slaughter, their boats sunk, and the drowning men saved only by the magnanimity of their victors. Maddened with the shame of their defeat, they seek an easier prey, and their eyes fall upon poor little Hampton. Not so fortunate is Hampton this time. The heart of Virginia beats as high as ever, but the odds are overwhelming. Captain Pryor who commands the central battery (American) sees that the day is lost. Only one chance of escape remains. He spikes every gun in his battery and then, at the head of his force,

charges upon the detachment of royal marines which is advancing to crush them finally, cuts his way through, swims the creek, and escapes with the loss of twenty of his men, while two hundred British soldiers bite the dust. And then—cover your eyes and stop your ears, for poor Hampton, with its helpless, defenseless inhabitants, is in the hands of an enemy which knows no mercy. You can guess what that means for the women, the children, and the sick who are left to take care of themselves in the hapless town.

But Hampton's annals are not always glorious. It was in Hampton Roads that the first slave ship was seen. In 1620 a Dutch man-of-war brought "twenty negars" from Guinea, and from this tiny root sprang the upas-tree of American slavery. It was, therefore, a kind of poetical justice that in this very region where slavery first found foothold on American soil should be the place where the negroes with pickax and



spade struck the first blow for their own freedom by working on the trenches and embankments, under the direction of their protectors, for our army.

"The mills of God grind slowly,  
But they grind exceeding small."

"I must tell you a story which I heard the other day," said one of our company, "as we drive homeward. I am sure of my facts, but if the technical details are not quite right do n't be too hard upon me. It was during the war, and the heroine was a Miss X—, of N—. They were all rebels, she and her family, and her father and brothers were, of course, in the army. Miss X— heard that her father and, I think,

two brothers were ill and probably dying, in one of the Southern army hospitals. She was nearly frantic at the news; felt that she must get to them, but could see no way until a Northern officer, taking pity upon her, passed her through the lines. She reached the place where they were; nursed them back to health, or buried them, I forget which, and returned in safety. It seems, however, that the general who was at that time in command of the fort had heard of the affair. He sent for Miss X—, and ordered her to give up the name of the officer who had helped her, telling her that unless she did so he would send her to Hatteras and keep her there for six months on bread



THE GOVERNOR'S FAMILY.



CARROLL HALL, CONFINEMENT PLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

and water. She replied that she would die before she would ruin the man who had befriended her. The general—brute that he was—actually carried out his threat, and sent her down to that awful, desolate place, this delicately nurtured lady, to be the only woman in the garrison. Now comes the best part of the story. In some way the story of her heroic refusal had preceded her, and when she arrived there, beaten down with fear and horror, she found that the whole garrison had turned out to do homage to her. She was received with military honors, and treated like a queen during her entire stay. The officers of the fort then sent a report of the case to Washington, with a petition for her release, which, of course, was promptly granted. In six weeks she was at home again, but her hair, which

had been black when she left for Hatteras, was perfectly white on her return."

So runs the story, and you will ask, was it true? If it is n't, it ought to be, you think; and so let us believe, even though we may be hereafter assured that it is only a fiction.

The next morning we devote to the National Soldiers' Home. It is a bright, clear day with a fresh north wind blowing, which tosses the sparkling water into blue, foam-crested waves, and sets the blood in our veins dancing in unison. Brightness and bloom, glitter and gayety, rainbow-hued flowers, gray-clad veterans sauntering about or basking in the sunshine—such is the scene we see when the Soldiers' Home is reached. The principal building on the grounds was formerly a girls' boarding-school; but now the figures of the old soldiers stalk, with

their stiff, military gait, through the halls and corridors where once flitted the light forms of the "sweet girl graduates in their golden hair." Here is the bowling-alley, where two of the veterans are just bending their stiff figures to send the balls whirling up the center with a whizz and a clatter, laughing like boys at the wild havoc wrought among the pins. The billiard-room and the store are successively visited. In the latter we are struck by the stock of varieties provided—hair-oil, sleeve-buttons, fancy ties—most innocent and ornamental weeds, softening the rough spots of human nature, and draping its harsh outlines with delicate, clinging tendrils. We linger about the buildings and the grounds, gaze from the cupola upon the bright scene around, sweeps of greenest turf, diversified by beds of glowing flowers laid out in the shape of the badges of the various army corps; pretty buildings peeping up among the trees, the whole set in a frame of blue, sparkling water which gives the last touch of life and beauty to the scene. We loiter through the green-houses and listen to the old gardener's loving praises of his floral darlings.

While we are here a rough-looking man approaches Captain W—, who is with us. He proves to be one of the divers engaged in the work of raising the *Cumberland*. How near, how very near it seems to bring the times and feelings which we have well-nigh outgrown when he hands to the captain a candle which he found in her cabin. It is moldy and hard, almost petrified by its long submersion, covered with barnacles and reeking with the smell of the brine in which it has lain so long. Captain W— cuts it in two and gives half of it to one of our company, and the girl handles it tenderly as a sacred relic.

"There is a petrified man in the cabin too," adds the diver cheerily, "and we are trying to get him up whole."

Not far from the Soldiers' Home is the National Cemetery, where lie six thousand of our brave dead. Nothing but rows and rows and rows of graves, a brown ridgy wilderness bristling with the white, wooden stakes on which all that is known of the

dead below is inscribed. Among them is the grave of the Swiss nurse, Alexander, whether Mrs. or Miss we know not, whose touching prayer that she might be "buried with her boys" has been granted.

"Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,  
The just Fate gives;  
Whoso takes the world's life on him, and his own lays down,  
He, dying so, lives.

Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight,

And puts it by,  
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate.

How should he die?

Seeing death hath no part in him any more, no power

Upon his head;

He hath bought his eternity with a little hour,

And is not dead.

For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found,

For one hour's space,

Then ye lift up your eyes to him, and behold him

crowned,

A deathless face.

On the mountains of memory, by the world's well-

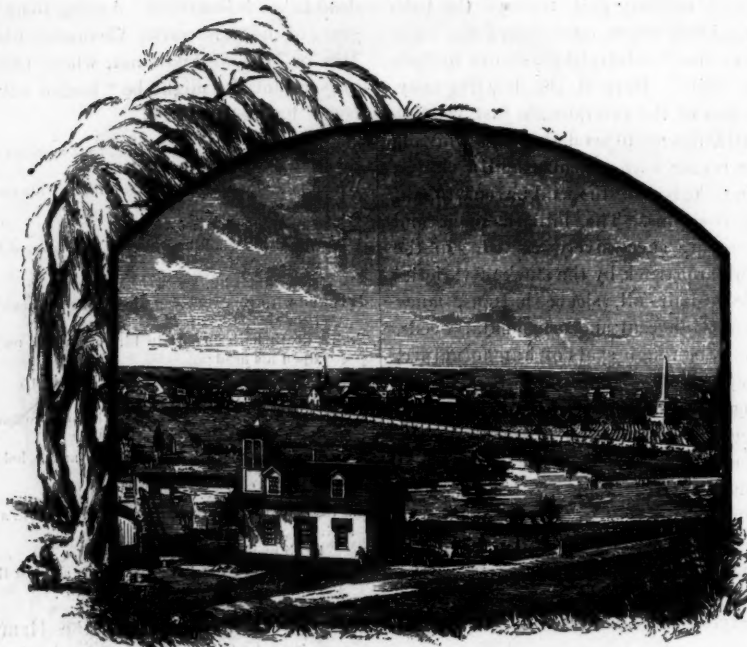
springs,

In all men's eyes,

When the light of the life of him is on all past things,

Death only dies."

Every one has heard of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural School, the pioneer enterprise for the elevation of the colored race. It sprang from a very tiny root, this wonderful tree, but its roots have struck deep into the soil, and year by year it has gone on growing and spreading until the land is filled with the fame thereof. I wish I could paint it as we saw it. I wish I could tell you the feelings that swelled our hearts as we went through school-rooms and sewing-rooms, pantries, bath-rooms, printing rooms, chapel, and dormitories. I wish I could show you the bright, intelligent faces, black, brown, and yellow, yes, and purest Caucasian white, which crowd the class-rooms. I think that one reason of its wonderful success is, that unlike too many philanthropic enterprises, it is founded upon good, practical common sense. The plan of the work was brought from Hawaii, and the general principle which underlies it appears to be that the colored race must work out its own salvation. But for this to be possible a fair start must be given it, and to give it this start is the aim of the school. To provide thoroughly competent colored teachers, farmers, mechanics, who shall go out among their



NATIONAL CEMETERY.

own people to proclaim and exemplify the gospel of work, this is what these teachers are giving their lives to do. Only a little leaven now, but who can doubt that there is life enough in it to leaven the whole lump? Not for years, not for generations, perhaps, but sometime the cruel knot must be cut, and the cruel wrong must right itself, and the negro find his true place in God's creation. Where is it? What is it? Time will tell; Time, the *Œdipus* who alone can read us the riddle of the life that now is.

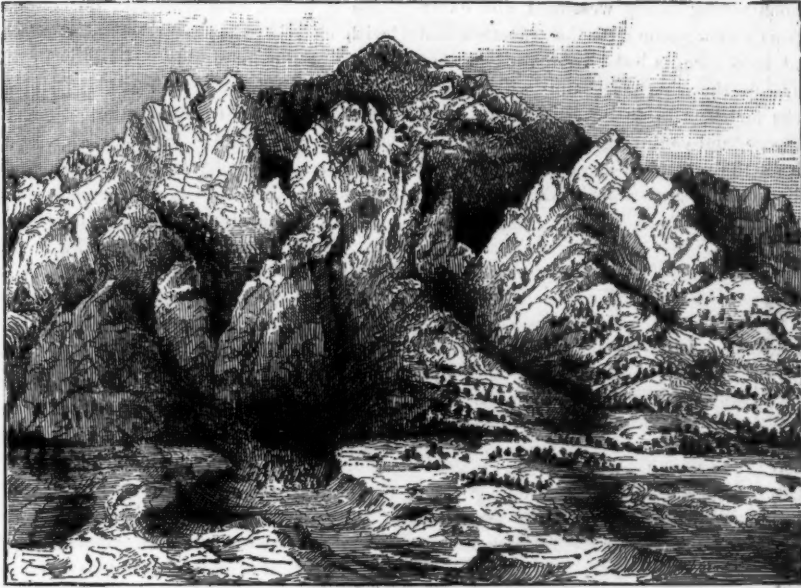
And now, though we have very partially done our duties as sight-seers, yet we must really go home. There is the Norfolk Navy

Yard, which we have not even glanced at—within an hour's sail, too. But we can contain no more. Soon we are flying homeward by rail through the soft, Indian Summer air whose breath fans us like the Summer zephyr, between fields that lie brown and crisp beneath the first breath of frost. The woods are still decked in their most gorgeous hues, gold and scarlet, crimson and amber, all blended into softest harmony by the pearly haze that fills the air through which the sunlight filters with a chastened glory.

Summer is gone; our journey is over; but the bees have gathered their honey, and we have garnered our memories.



## AMONG THE FOOT-HILLS.



"RED BANK."

TO most people, going for the first time across "the plains," the trip doubtless seems much like a transit to not only a new, but quite another country. That great American Desert of ours is but the border territory lying between two distinct and diverse geological and climatic regions, and separating them quite as effectually as if it were an extent of water rather than land. To me, at least, this impression was strong, and when, after a safe journey across the sandy reaches, I was at last confronted by the Rocky Mountains, with their mighty upheaval of rugged ledges and snowy peaks, the sense of strangeness and of remoteness even could hardly have been greater if I had crossed the ocean, and stood in the presence of the Alps; and I entered Denver by the Kansas Pacific with much the same feeling as if it had been a foreign city.

Nor is the suggestion of the ocean an irrelevant or far-fetched one; for that great expanse of barren land, bounded only by the sky and resting as it often does under a

misty light, might readily be likened to the boundless expanse of the sea, and its billowy undulations can, without much stretch of the imagination, be made to recall the rolling billows of the "vasty deep." Once upon the other side, the feeling was strong upon me that between me and familiar haunts there stretched a not insignificant sea. One can well imagine that in the old-time days the poor immigrants must have watched for the first glimpse of the mountains with much the same longing as that with which the home-sick mariner watches for the first glimpse of land.

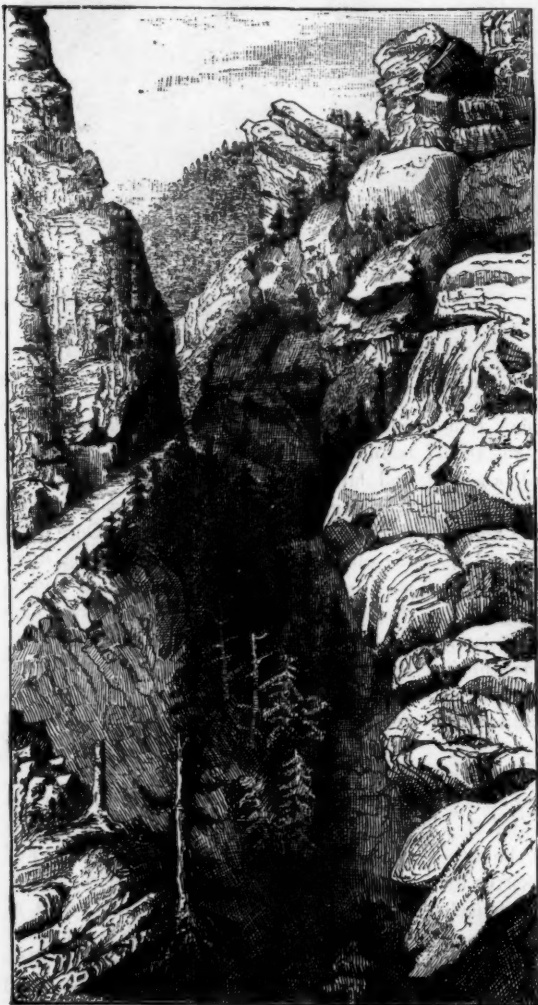
There is not a little of interest in a first experience of the plains, though one day is quite sufficient to exhaust the novelty and create a satiety that at length becomes irksome. After one has seen a few flocks of antelopes, and had a good laugh at the funny little prairie-dogs and their curious little homes and ways; after having encountered a genuine sand-storm in a transfer from the sleeper to an eating saloon, and specu-

lated as to the interior comforts of the occasional "dug-outs" or "adobes" by the way; after being several times aroused into fresh interest by the sight of a train of emigrant wagons toiling slowly westward, and exciting one's compassion with the reflection that what is to take us but a comparatively few hours on the wings of steam, will require weeks for them to accomplish at that tedious pace, and conjuring up to the imagination all the romance as well as the terrible reality of the ante-railroad days, when to

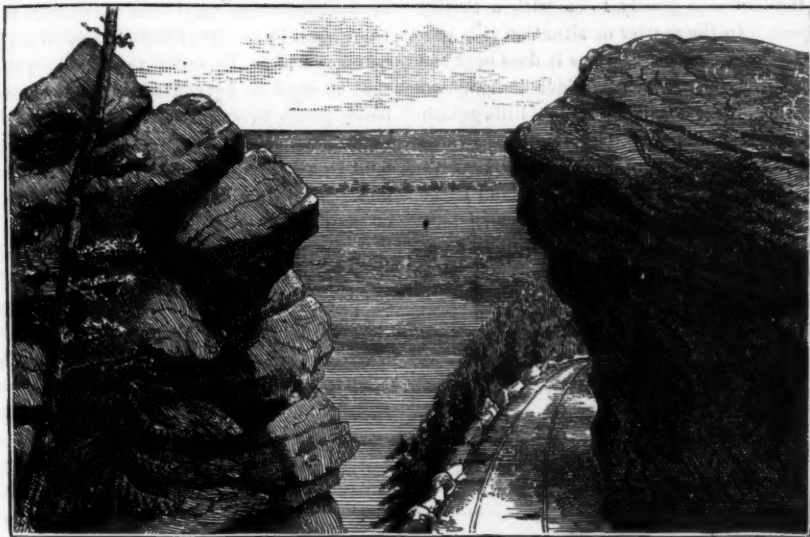
cross the plains might well be considered the event of a life-time,—after all this, one settles into a condition of monotony in which the very first sign of civilization is hailed with a delight not unmingled with chagrin when it presents itself in the shape of the inevitable "SOZODONT," staring at one in huge type from the high board fence of the race-course on the outskirts of Denver, and forming an absurd foreground to the mountains beyond. Think of gazing at glorious Pike's Peak over such a prosaic

label as that! Twenty-four hours of the desert stillness have the effect of making the life and stir of Denver seem most agreeable. Yet one can not help speculating a little as to whether, after all, the remarkable alertness, especially of the railway and hotel attachés, is altogether due to the inspiring effects of the climate, or is partly the result of a laudable effort on their part to make an impression upon the eastern mind as yet unaccustomed to such abounding energy. Doing things "for effect" may be a legitimate art, as certainly it is an important factor of success in life; and if Denver is to be the important city that all her people tell you of, she should neglect none of the means to that desirable end. Even the four handsome, white horses attached to our railroad omnibus seem to be animated by the general spirit as they dashed through the streets, turned sharp corners, and drew up at the hotels, in a way that indicated truly commendable equine aptness in the art.

Boulder, however, some forty miles by rail to the north, and not Denver, was our point of destination; and here I found myself in a dilemma. Several detentions on the way had brought us into Denver on Sat-



LOOKING UP BEAR CANYON.



AN OUTLOOK FROM BEAR CAÑON.

urday, and too late to make connections with the northern bound trains. Should we spend the Sabbath there, or should I overcome my early scruples as to Sunday travel, and complete the journey on the following morning? I argued the matter with myself with, perhaps, a slight bias on the side of self-interest as against conscience. I had an invalid in charge, and was anxious lest sickness overtake him before being comfortably settled. Then there were the two patient horses which three times, at least, must have traversed the three miles to the depot on a fruitless expedition, and I had not lived several years in New York under the influence of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, not to feel compassion for the poor beasts. There were, besides, other considerations; so I conquered my scruples and went forwards.

The train was scarcely started, when detained by some accident. I suppose under the circumstances the appropriate thing to have done would have been to recall all the dreadful things that had happened to naughty children who had persevered in breaking the Sabbath, and applied to myself the lesson, but I chose rather to see in the occurrence a favoring providence which de-

tained the train a whole hour and a half for the express purpose of giving me the privilege of sitting on the rear platform of the cars in the still Sabbath air drinking in the beauty of those wondrous mountains. They then and there so imbued me with their subtle enchantment that I felt myself swayed by it not only during my brief visit, but long after I had taken a final adieu, and was on my homeward way, where I found myself envying each incoming tourist who was so soon to enjoy what I was so reluctantly leaving. There in front lay the long line of Foot-hills, making a gigantic wall which seemed like a huge breastwork to the snowy range lying beyond, and forming an apparently unbroken chain as far as the eye could reach. Against the clear blue of the sky their whiteness was singularly effective, and in the rare purity of the air each rugged feature of the Foot-hills stood out in vivid distinctness. Nor will it be easy soon to forget the return trip to Denver, some days afterward, when over the entire mountain range rested a bank of snow-white clouds so interpenetrated by the glistening peaks that it was no easy task to define where the mountains ended and where the clouds began.

Boulder is a goodly town with a thrifty aspect. In the matter of situation it is particularly fortunate, lying as it does near the mouth of the famous Boulder Cañon, and directly under the giant Foot-hills which seem to stand guard over it. But it was Colorado ranch life, and not the towns, with which I was to familiarize myself, and I can only speak of Boulder as to its external aspects. When one's preconceived ideas have been sufficiently adjusted to actual facts to comprehend that, in general features,



A ROCKY MOUNTAIN YOUTH.

a Colorado ranch (except as devoted exclusively to stock raising) is much like a large farm elsewhere, and that a "corral" is but another name for a magnified New England barn-yard, minus the barns, there will yet be enough points of difference to enlist one's interest.

In the matter of irrigation, an important one in a country subject for months together to a dearth of rain, there is decided novelty. Think of five miles of irrigating ditches on a farm of one hundred of sixty acres! It would be difficult to compute the number of steps

it must take to so regulate these ditches that there shall be an equal distribution of water when, perhaps, in order to do so requires that it shall be turned off from the strawberry patch to supply the wheat field in a remote corner of the farm; and that the corn field in another distant part shall not have more than its share, it must yield to the necessities of the potato patch, the flower-beds, or the corral, and so on, until the balance between demand and supply is evenly adjusted. It is a fortunate circumstance, however, that this is in a climate that makes exercise a pleasure rather than a labor. The manner of irrigation is on this wise: A main ditch is dug connecting with some mountain stream, and from that supplies are carried to contiguous farms in smaller ditches, to be distributed by yet smaller ones on the farm itself. As the county becomes more thickly settled and the demands for water supplies increase, the necessity for more or less litigation on the subject will doubtless increase also, in order that those unblessed with conscientious scruples may not get more than their share.

One is at once reminded of the fact of being in a strange country by the appearance of the wild flowers. They are beautiful and abundant, and, with few exceptions, unfamiliar to Eastern eyes. All through the fields clusters of the beautiful "Star of Bethlehem," a frail, stemless blossom of velvety whiteness, look up in open-eyed welcome, and flowers of every hue tempt one to pluck long after their abundance becomes a burden. Along the lower slopes and up the gorges of the mountains one can gather bouquets of such beauty and variety as would gladden the heart of a botanist, only to throw them away with regret that some herbarium can not be enriched by them. This is the advantage of visiting Colorado early in the Summer, before the dry season has burnt them out in the valleys and plains. Farther up the mountains when the melting snows swell the streams and fertilize the soil, they bloom in abundance all Summer.

The birds, too, are unfamiliar, with the exception of the mourning doves and the meadow larks, which seem more numerous



than at the East; their rich notes at all times of the day, and especially towards evening, springing upward, until the whole air seems filled with music. There is a bird said to be well known also in the older States, evidently of the snipe species, called the "Killdeer," which has a weird habit of hovering about one during an evening walk, and attracting attention by its cry, which seems to come almost from beneath one's feet, when in reality it is many rods away. The red-winged blackbirds, so well known in the old Middle States, but not so common in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, are found here in abundance, with their songs, made up of the chirping of the crow, blackbird, and the clattering music of the bob-o-links, cut short in the midst. A whole flock of them would daily take possession of a cottonwood grove on the ranch which I was visiting, and make

it lively enough with their musical chatter. The cottonwood appears to be the principal and almost the only tree indigenous to Colorado. Its growth is scanty, its distribution being confined to the streams, and occasional clumps which have been planted upon the windward side of the farm-houses to protect them from a too familiar intimacy with the mountain breezes. One misses the



IN BOULDER CANYON.

abundant trees of other regions; but one can't have every thing, and if there were groves, where would be that wondrously dry atmosphere, the clean sweep of the wind, which is so inspiring, and that sense of freedom which comes from a far-reaching vision? Nature is ever ready to equalize her gifts; and if she is here niggardly in the matter of fire-wood, she is lavish in her sup-



A ROCKY MOUNTAIN ZEPHYR.

ply of coal. In the neighborhood of Boulder there are vast stores of it. It seems odd in looking over the smoothly rolling bluffs to see the black out-croppings which mark the places where these coal-beds lie. In substance it is soft, and easily decomposes when exposed to the air. But it is of an excellent quality, and a great blessing to the farmer who, by driving to the coal-beds, can at the low rate of a dollar and a half or two dollars carry away a ton of it.

But, after all, the great treasure of Colorado—better than her coal, her silver, or her gold—is her fine health-giving climate, the rare purity and invigorating qualities of which act as a tonic to debilitated systems, and stimulate into fresh activity already healthy ones. All this has been too often expatiated upon to need another description. One can scarcely go there and not feel as if endowed with a new lease of life; and that, perhaps, after all, the celebrated elixir of youth is not an unattainable boon.

When walking becomes a downright pleasure, and other exercise of even more than

ordinary severity is unaccompanied by any sensation of fatigue, one may well be pardoned for becoming enthusiastic over conditions that conduce to such happy results. Of course, this is only generalizing. These conditions, like all others, are subject to exceptions, and, in Colorado as well as elsewhere, one may be afflicted with many of the ills that flesh is heir to. Then, too, that freshly blowing breeze that sets the nerves to tingling with new life, can augment itself to a storm that is truly formidable, or convert itself into a tornado against which man and beast alike stand in helpless dismay, or flee before it in terror. But for the most part it is a good-natured wind, and is so almost caressing in its touch that one can no more get angry with it than with the playful teasing of a child. Towards evening it is particularly agreeable. All day, perhaps, it has been blowing in over the heated plains, and coming in contact with the

mountains becomes tempered to just the proper amount of coolness. It has some eccentricities, however; one hears during the night a sudden roaring among the mountains, which increases in loudness as it comes nearer. Then there is a din of all sorts of objects flying about the house, among which is noticeably distinct the clatter of pans and milk pails left in supposed security outside; but just as one has nerved oneself up to encounter nothing less than a tornado, the hubbub has subsided, to be followed, by an interval of an hour or more, when another gust will arise as suddenly and subside as quickly, to be followed by another lengthy lull. These sudden gusts, with long intervals of calm, seem to be characteristic of these mountains. It is said that when a white-capped cloud, be it ever so small, thrusts its innocent-looking head above the mountain tops, one may be sure to expect some boisterous demonstration.

The mountains proved an infinite source of pleasure, and fearful of being unable to exhaust all the enjoyment possible to a

limited stay, I found myself seizing upon every opportunity and every available point of observation for studying them. I was even discovered contemplating them from the top of a cultivator, and so absorbed as to be utterly oblivious of my grotesque appearance, or the uncomfortable insecurity of my position. I could never weary of watching that magnificent array of foot-hills bristling with jagged rocks of every conceivable shape, and presenting new aspects under each changing phase of the sky. Their ruggedness is all the more effective for the occasional glimpses of snowy peaks beyond. Instead of the pigmy affairs I had imagined them to be, I found the foot-hills to be, in some cases, elevations of from six to eight thousand feet high. People in non-mountainous regions would never dream of giving them the insignificant designation of "hills." Owing to the rare purity of the atmosphere, which causes so much deception as to distances, each feature stands out with as much distinctness as if the "hills" were but a half mile away, when, perhaps, they may be three or four miles off and several thousand feet in height. So, too, the rolling bluffs and smooth plateaux lying at their feet, which look like mere knolls, may be from forty to sixty feet high.

I was by no means slow to cultivate a more

intimate acquaintance with them, and my very first visit was to Boulder Cañon, said to be one of the finest. It lies just back of Boulder, whose main street runs directly into it. Near the mouth of the cañon is a flouring mill, built and successfully operated by a lady, who, it was added, also carries on a prosperous banking business in a neighboring town. In Boulder also lives Mrs. Maxwell, of Centennial Exposition fame, and it was among the neighboring mountains that the famous animals which she afterward preserved were caught. And this suggests the idea that for "progressive women" Colorado is, perhaps, just the place—better even than Wyoming, as there is much more of it.

One has only to ride into this cañon to be convinced that it is most appropriately named. Mountains upon mountains of rocks are piled up in every conceivable shape. Huge boulders of all dimensions hang in the most precarious positions, whole avalanches of loose stones lie in confusion on the steep declivities—rocks everywhere. And while these rocky wonders are towering above, beneath rushes the Boulder Creek, filling the whole cañon with its tumultuous music.

One feels like protesting against the easy mode of getting through this cañon, where an excellent road enables one to bowl com-



THE FOOT-HILLS, FROM AN ODD OUTLOOK.

fortably along in an easy carriage. But there is an exciting interest in the ride itself as well as in the scenery, and one can not readily get accustomed to an anxious trepidation caused by the dread of meeting other vehicles in the narrow places where the only apparent way out of the difficulty would seem to be the necessity of riding up the perpendicular cliffs, or taking a desperate plunge into the roaring waters below. There, too, is the pleasant excitement of encountering other parties of tourists with the usual craning of necks to see who can possibly have turned up in the rocky fastnesses of so remote a corner of the world.

All along the way one sees evidences of the "prospecting" that is constantly going on for the discovery of mining treasures, and it is in this region that some of the best gold and silver mines are situated. The present excitement at Leadville detracts from the mining interests of Boulder County, and it is owing to this excitement that a mine of equal value in the latter place will not sell for nearly the same amount as in the former. On a railroad trip to Denver I met an old miner going to see for himself if the extolled riches of Leadville were a reality, and triumphantly producing a remarkably rich specimen of ore from the Boulder mines expressed his incredulity at finding any more valuable product at Leadville. The desire for prospecting seems to be contagious when one sees so many signs of it, and I felt not a little inclined to jump from the carriage and take a tour among the rocks myself to see if some hidden treasures would not reveal themselves. On reaching home a diminutive heap of stones was discovered in the bottom of the carriage, smuggled there by my young hopeful, who, not long after, was discovered putting them through the crushing process in the hope of finding the precious ore, while a ragged urchin of the neighborhood looked on with absorbing interest. It was while riding in this cañon that the thought suggested itself, why not take a stage ride through the entire cañon and across the country to Black Hawk or Central City, making a return trip by rail through the famous Clear Creek Cañon?

But the idea of riding through a cañon in a railway train would not do. Was there not, I queried, some neighboring cañon that was wild yet accessible, where one could rough it and do some genuine climbing? Young America of the party suggests "Bear Cañon, a place where there is a rough road, which runs up the sides of the gorges, and where one does n't like to ride." "Bear Cañon it shall be," was my mental reflection. So a few days after, we are off again for the mountains, this time not in an easy carriage, but with a lumber wagon, in which we were, indeed, truly jolted. When we had as much of that as we could endure we took to our feet, and in that way accomplished the rest of the climbing.

To me Bear Cañon seemed even finer than Boulder, for the gorges being narrower and the road running high up the sides makes it appear more picturesquely grand. A few ominous white-capped clouds showed their heads above the peaks, warning us that old Boreas would be at his playful pranks. His very first one was to seize upon me unawares, and turning my sun umbrella inside out proceeded to take unwarranted liberties with my apparel generally. After that I was more on my guard, and often found myself hugging close to the rocky wall lest he should take a sudden fancy to thrust me headlong down the precipice. His roaring among the gorges only added to the excitement, and coming in sudden spurts with long intervals of rest one could better endure him. Besides, if there was force in his touch, there was no harshness, and he was so soft and agreeable withal, that it was impossible to get out of patience with him. There were occasional openings in the rocks, through which we could look far out upon the plains, where, away in the distance, a line of cotton-wood trees marked the course of the Platte River. It was a day long to be remembered, one of the best features of which was that an amount of climbing and jolting which, in a different climate, would have proved utterly exhausting to me was unaccompanied by even a sensation of fatigue. There were many other places of interest in the neighborhood, among which



is the South Boulder Cañon, which is so narrow in places as scarcely to admit of the human body. If just one little peep, as it were, into these marvelous mountains revealed such wonders, what infinite stores of enjoyment one must find in a more extended acquaintance?

Tourists who postpone their visit to Colorado until late in the Summer make, in some respects, a grave mistake. If, however, they wish to make extensive explorations among the snowy range, the more abundant snows of the early season would probably prove an impediment. My own experience confirms me in this opinion. A second visit to that remarkable country in the month of September produced a different impression; in other words, resulted in a partial disenchantment. An exceptionally dry season, unblest by even so much as a respectable shower, had changed the entire surface of the country to a dreary dun color, from which nearly every vestige of green had disappeared. And the dust—but, perhaps, the least said on that subject the better. To the inhabitants of Colorado this must be a sensitive point, in fact, their special *bête noire*, which no amount of philosophy on their part can suffice to enable them to bear with equanimity. But worse than all, extensive fires among the mountains caused so dense a smoke as to conceal them from sight, and dampen one's enthusiasm for exploring them. The foot-hills might have been a thousand miles away for any knowledge one could have of their near existence by personal observation. Old "Red Bank" reared his six thousand feet of rocky wildness almost over my head, and



YOUTHFUL SEEKERS FOR WEALTH.

I was made conscious of his close vicinage only by the twinkling of fire lights along his front. So, what with the smoky pall on one side shutting out what I so longed to see, and the great prairie in its brown dress stretching away on the other, I was forced to conclude that Colorado in September was quite a different place from Colorado in May.

There was, however, the same agreeable air with its healthful stimulant, the same fresh but softly blowing wind, which seemed to have in its touch nothing but kindly benedictions. Gradually, too, the curtain of smoke lifted until at the time of my departure the mountains stood revealed in all their grandeur. A brilliant sunset added to them a fresh charm. Bright shafts of light penetrated their dark defiles and reaching far out upon the plains lighted up its somber expanse with such variegated hues as made it seem a picture of enchantment. If this demonstration on the part of nature was for the express purpose of causing me to carry away new and awe-inspiring impressions of that wonderful region it was a *coup d'état* that was as effective as it was brilliant.

## GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

GEMS are always carved or engraved, after the manner of intaglios, and should never be confused with precious stones.

The diamond differs from all other precious stones in being harder than any of them, in having a greater refractive power, and in preserving its luster undiminished when immersed in alcohol or in water. In addition, if we except the garnet and spinelle, it has single refraction only, while all the others have double; that is, when a small light is viewed in their facets they reflect two images of it, the diamond, the garnet, and the spinelle reflecting but one.

This is a criterion by which we can discriminate between real and artificial stones, save in the case of the three just named; for, like them, artificial stones have but single refraction. There is, however, another manner of deciding between the true and the false in this relation, and this is found in the fact that the diamond scratches all other minerals, and, being a better conductor of heat than any artificial stone, feels colder to the tongue than the latter when both stones have acquired the same degree of temperature, at which point only this test can be safely applied.

In a paper read before the London Society of Arts, some time ago, it is set forth that a diamond, of the first water we presume, weighing one carat, or four grains, is worth \$40; one of two carats, \$80; of three, \$360; of four, \$640; of eight, \$1,000; of ten, \$1,500; of twenty, \$16,000; of thirty, \$36,000; of fifty, \$100,000; of a hundred, \$400,000. Taking these ratios as a basis, the Koh-i-noor, which weighed originally seven hundred and ninety-three carats, or nearly half a pound, would, had it been cut and managed honestly in the first place, have brought a fabulous sum, although a diamond of the second water only. But so barbarous the usage it had suffered, and so blood-stained the history attaching to it, we need not be surprised that from a Mountain

of Light, as its name imports, it has dwindled down to a mere hillock, and that the Brahmins had attached an evil influence to it.

The Hindoos assert that this wonderful stone was discovered in the mines of Golconda upwards of three thousand years ago, and that it is, consequently, the oldest diamond in the world. There are, however, some differences of opinion as to its early history; although there is but little doubt as to its great antiquity, or its having been for ages a cause of crime and bloodshed among some of the princes of India. About two hundred years ago Tavernier, the French traveler, saw it in the East, and spoke of the admiration which it always elicited. Runjeet Sing appears to have been the last of the native potentates who had obtained possession of it; for in 1850, when the Punjab was conquered by the British, it fell, with other spoils, into the hands of the East India Company, by whom it was presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, when it had already been plundered of six hundred and seven carats of its original weight.

The manner in which Runjeet Sing managed to lay his hands on it was most infamous. Having been informed that the khan of Cabul had the largest and finest diamond in the world, he treacherously invited that prince to his court, intending to plunder him of the famous stone should he bring it with him, or in the event of his leaving it behind to hold him in durance vile until he ransomed himself with it. The khan, who was in no position to refuse an invitation which was half a command, presented himself in due course, when his treacherous host at once demanded the diamond, with an intimation that a refusal would prove fatal to the guest.

Suspecting treachery, the khan, previous to his visit, had had a clever imitation of the diamond made, and this, with seeming great reluctance, he now placed in the hands of the royal robber, and returned immediately

to his own dominions. Soon, however, the cheat was discovered, upon which the intending plunderer set out with a sufficient force, and, in his rage and disappointment, attacked and ransacked the palace of the khan, in the hope of gaining possession of the real stone. In this he had nearly failed when a servant of the khan betrayed the place of its concealment, which was under a heap of ashes; and so it was borne off in triumph by the unprincipled invader.

Previous to this Nadir Shah had obtained possession of it in a manner scarcely more reputable. "He gave back," says a certain writer in *Chambers's Journal*, "the prostrate empire of India to his Tartar kinsman, and exchanged turbans with him, according to Oriental custom, in token of amity; but, unfortunately for the vassal, the Mountain of Light was in his cap, and so was gained by his suzerain."

When the stone came into the possession of the queen of England it weighed only one hundred and eighty-six carats. In 1862 it was recut, as a brilliant, at a cost of \$40,000, when it was reduced to its present weight, one hundred and six and one-sixteenth carats. With modern appliances this work occupied but thirty-eight days, while the cutting of the Pitt Diamond, by the old hand process, occupied two years. It is interesting to note that the late Duke of Wellington, out of affection for his sovereign, assisted in cutting one of the facets of the Koh-i-noor before it was finally deposited among the crown jewels.

The Pitt Diamond takes its name from the grandfather of the famous Earl of Chatham, who, at the close of the seventeenth century, was appointed to the governorship of Fort St. George, Madras. This Englishman entered into commerce with some of the natives, among whom was a diamond-dealer named Joureund. From this dealer he purchased the famous stone for \$100,000. It then weighed four hundred carats, and was of the first water. On his return to Europe he was offered \$400,000 for it, but refused this sum. He subsequently, at a cost of \$25,000, had it cut as a brilliant, when its weight was reduced to one hundred and

thirty-six and a half carats, the fragments detached in the cutting having been sold for \$40,000. He at length found a purchaser for it in the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France during the minority of Louis XIV, who bought it, as an ornament for the French crown, at \$650,000, when it became known as the Regency Diamond. It was worn by Louis XIV and the monarchs who succeeded him; and after the Revolution was preserved among the state jewels. The first Napoleon wore it in the hilt of his sword at the battle of Waterloo, where it was found on the field, with other personal effects of the emperor, by the Prussians, who presented it to their sovereign, in whose possession or that of his successor it still remains.

"The Sancy" is another large diamond, which ranks among the most brilliant and valuable of precious stones. It was once the property of Charles the Bold, last duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his hat at the battle of Nancy, in which he lost his life. It was found on the field by a Swiss, who sold it for a trifle to a priest. It subsequently passed into the hands of a French nobleman named De Sancy, and had remained for more than a century in the possession of his family, when one of his descendants, a captain of the Swiss guard under Henry III of France, at the instance of the king, essayed to raise a force to assist his majesty in his wars; but the king being unable to pay the soldiers, who were Swiss, he applied to De Sancy for a loan of the diamond, that he might place it in the hands of the Swiss Government, as a guarantee that the men should be paid.

The count dispatched the diamond to the king by one of his most trusty adherents; but, to the surprise and alarm of both sovereign and subject, the messenger disappeared suddenly. Although the most diligent search had been made for him without avail, the count's confidence in his fidelity remained unshaken, and he felt convinced that some sudden and fatal misfortune had overtaken him. While in this state of mind he discovered by some means that the messenger had been waylaid and murdered by a band of robbers, and that his body was concealed

in a certain forest. Thither he hastened with a number of followers, when the remains of the murdered man were discovered and the diamond restored to its owner; for, on an examination prompted by a surmise of the count, it was found that the faithful fellow had swallowed the stone to prevent it from falling into the hands of his assassins.

This diamond was subsequently purchased for the crown of England; but James the Second took it with him in his flight to France, where it had previously, as alleged, been worn by Louis XIV on his coronation. In 1835 it was purchased by a Russian nobleman for four hundred thousand dollars, this being the latest phase of its history.

There are various other diamonds of great note and value, but a detailed account of them would exceed the space allotted to this paper. Their history, however, is not more interesting than that of antique gems which present us with pictures of the usages of domestic life among the ancients, and with illustrations of the forms and construction of countless articles used in war, in religious rites, in the games of the circus and arena, in navigation and in connection with the stage. Their importance can not be overestimated in this relation, and no one seems to have been more fully impressed on this point than Rev. C. W. King, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has written a most admirable work upon the subject—a work evincing the most profound research, and replete with the rarest information.

In discriminating between gems and precious stones, we may observe, in addition to what we have already said, that at the coronation of the present emperor of Russia, at Moscow, the Countess of Granville, wife of the English ambassador, wore eighty-eight gems selected from the Devonshire collection of Greek and Roman art which transcended in beauty and value the *parure* of any lady present, although the whole court was ablaze with diamonds and pearls; for had the most costly brilliant worn by any of the Russian dames been lost, there was a possibility of replacing it, while there was no possibility of reproducing a single gem worn by the English lady.

The carnelian and the sard, a superior variety of it, are the stones most commonly used by gem engravers. The sard takes a higher polish than the common carnelian, and is finer, tougher, and more easily worked. The name is derived from Sardis, whence this variety was first imported into Greece. Chalcedony is called white carnelian. The most ancient intaglios are cut in red carnelian. Next in rank to sards come the onyx, sardonyx, nicolo, and agate. The sardonyx is a white opaque layer superimposed upon a red transparent stratum of sard. The onyx has two opaque layers of different colors, mostly in strong contrast. The agate is simply an onyx with wavy and sometimes concentric layers; and the nicolo, merely a little onyx, its name being derived from the Italian *onico*.

There are many varieties of the jasper, the best with a purple, and the more common with an emerald tinge. The spotted jasper or blood-stone was anciently called heliotrope or sun-turner, from the belief that if immersed in water it reflected a blood-red image of the sun. Jaspers were the favorite seal-stones of the Romans, though garnets were prized by them also. In this latter they resembled the Persians, who appear to have regarded the garnet as a royal stone, from the fact that the portraits of the Sassanids are found engraved upon it.

So impressed are some writers with the imperishability of gems, and amongst them Mr. King, that it is alleged that the breast-plates worn by the Jewish high-priests are "still shining somewhere." These being the earliest recorded instances of the glyptic art, the probability of the existence of the whole family of ancient gems at the present day, is, of course, involved in the idea. There is nothing unreasonable in this, as no lapse of time seems to produce any sensible effect upon these relics of the past. Have we not in vitrified clay seals bearing the name of Thothmes III, who was a contemporary of Moses? And are there not in the South Kensington Museum, or in the British Museum, other well authenticated relics of the time of the great Hebrew law-giver? Nay, more, have we not the work of a prehistoric



artist on the tooth of a walrus in one of those grand European collections where we find a moose engraven with such skill and fidelity to nature, as not to be surpassed in outline by any engraver of modern times? So that when we find the softer material resisting the tooth of time for untold ages, we may well subscribe to the indestructibility of the harder.

Herodotus tells a story about an emerald signet of Polycrates, a tyrant of Samos, which is singular in the extreme if true. Polycrates, it appears, was on terms of the closest friendship with Amasis, king of Egypt; but the latter perceiving how good fortune always followed the steps of the tyrant, wrote to him warning him not to incur the displeasure of the gods, but to avert it by relinquishing that which he prized the most amongst all his valuables. Accepting the advice as good, he, after a severe struggle with himself, threw this seal into the sea at some distance from the island. Six days afterward, while still mourning its loss, he was made a present of a fish in the belly of which, to his unspeakable joy, the signet was found. He wrote to Amasis informing him of the circumstance; but instead of congratulating him, the Egyptian monarch, moved by a sentiment totally inexplicable to us moderns, instantly withdrew his friendship from him, not considering it safe to be on intimate terms with a man who was so uniformly fortunate. The tide, however, soon turned against the tyrant, for he was basely murdered by Oroetes, governor of Magnesia on the Meander, to whom he had made a visit 522 years before Christ.

And here the name of our Savior recalls another instance of a remarkable emerald intaglio—that engraved with his head by order of the Emperor Tiberius, who was desirous of possessing the portrait of so eminent a personage. Pretended copies of this gem are not uncommon, but their spurious character is apparent in the fact that the forehead of our Lord is too shelving or retreating, while the whole treatment of the subject is weak. In truth, intaglios representing any purely Christian idea are most rare among works of undoubted antiquity;

and hence, from this source we can expect but little in relation to the early condition of the Church or regarding the founders of our faith.

Although the emerald and the ruby have succumbed to the glyptic art, the diamond has never been engraved, nor had it ever been cut or polished previous to the fifteenth century. The first ever subjected to either of these processes was the Sancy, which originally weighed fifty-five carats, and which was cut by Louis de Berghem, the inventor of the art, for Charles the Bold. No mineral can be hardened sufficiently to make the slightest impression upon the diamond. Hence it has to be cut and polished with portions of itself that are applied to it after the manner of emery.

If we are to place any reliance on certain historians, nature at times anticipates the skill of the engraver. The agate of King Pyrrhus is alleged to have represented naturally Apollo and the nine muses, each designated by an appropriate emblem. Among the agates of the British Museum there is one on which the head of Chaucer is represented with singular fidelity; and yet the pebble is obviously in its natural condition. These freaks of nature are not uncommon, although the imagination seems to have done a good deal for them. On the other hand, however, art endeavors to usurp the place of nature. Crystal, heated and plunged in a tincture of cochineal, becomes a ruby, and into a mixture of turnsole and saffron a sapphire. The carbuncle of ancient times, like that of to-day, was occasionally made out of the same substance, the back of the crystal having been painted the proper color, and the stone then set in a piece of jewelry. The Romans made false jaspers, but the ancient frauds in colored stones were entirely confined to the substituting of paste for the real stone. Pliny, among various fanciful methods for detecting the cheat here, mentions one which is unerring, that of applying a splinter of obsidian which will scratch the paste but not the true stone.

The Egyptian scarabæi, or beetle-stones, are amongst the earliest monuments of the engraver's art. The beetles are cut out of

basalt, carnelian, and lapis-lazuli, but are as frequently made of limestone and vitrified clay. The earliest mode of wearing them was as a necklace, strung with other beads, the engraved base of the scarab serving at the same time the purpose of a signet. In relation to the signets of the Old Testament, Mr. King is of the opinion that they were worn on the hand and never on the finger. Thus Tamar demands the seal and twisted cord—chotam and pethil—usually rendered “ring,” “signet,” or “bracelet.” “Again Pharaoh takes the signet off his own hand and puts it on that of Joseph; thus, also, the expression, ‘the signet upon my right hand;’ thus, too, the young Amalekite brings to David, as the ensigns of royalty, the diadem and the bracelet taken from the corpse of Saul, apparently because the latter contained the royal signet.” According to Pliny the use of finger-rings was of no very great antiquity, so that the conjecture of Mr. King is worthy the most serious attention.

It would be interesting to know the value of the terrestrial globe constructed for the shah of Persia, and the number of precious stones used in representing its mountains, rivers, lakes, seas, and continents, for the whole is one mass of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The crown jewels of England are, we know, valued at \$15,000,000. Professor Tennant, F. G. S., in a paper read before the Middlesex Geographical Society, while referring to the state crown of her majesty, sums up the precious stones and pearls that adorn it as follows: “One large ruby, irregularly polished; one large broad-spread sapphire; sixteen sapphires; eleven

emeralds; four rubies; thirteen hundred and sixty-three brilliant diamonds; twelve hundred and seventy-three rose diamonds; one hundred and forty-seven table diamonds; four drop-shaped pearls; two hundred and seventy-three pearls.” Barbot estimates the total value of these stones at \$600,000.

It is difficult to say which of the crowned heads of Europe is richest in private jewels, or whether the empress of Russia, the empress of Austria, the empress of Prussia, the empress of India, or Eugenie, the ex-empress of France, is wealthiest in this relation. The cabinets of all are doubtless well stored; but we incline to the belief that Eugenie and the English monarch stand at the head of the list. Of this, however, we do not feel perfectly assured, notwithstanding the fact that India has from time to time contributed largely to the casket of her Britannic majesty, while it is well known in certain quarters that all the working jewellers of Paris and eighty of those of Vienna were employed for months in cutting and re-cutting and setting and resetting the diamonds worn by the French empress when she was united in marriage to Napoleon III.

And here, as we turn from the subject for the present, we can not help reflecting that there is yet one gem, of which we have not spoken, that transcends in luster and in value any and all of those already enumerated. We shall leave its designation to the thoughtful reader, not doubting that she will turn her eyes inwardly and inquire whether she is possessed of it, and of the ineffable peace and happiness inseparable from its existence.

#### A WINTER IDYL.

BEYOND our birdless orchard  
The dull, red gold of Winter sunset  
glows;  
Sketched sharply o'er the splendor  
Each leafless branch a softened outline shows.  
  
This noon, in glare of sunlight,  
We spoke of fruitless boughs as ugly then;

Now thought of coming darkness  
Makes fair what we may never see again.

Ah! most we prize our favors  
When from our grasp they have forever flown;  
We grieve, at Winter twilight,  
For Summer days whose joys were half-unknown.

## PETRARCH.

THE recent publication of a biography of Petrarch in the series of "Foreign Classics" for English readers, has drawn attention anew to a name that has hardly died on the lips of the world in the past five hundred years. Like Dante, Petrarch was descended from an ancient Florentine family. His father, Pietro Petrarco, a respectable notary, on account of his opposition to the intervention of a foreign power in the affairs of Florence, was banished from the city at the same time that his greater countryman, Dante, experienced a similar calamity. Pietro found a refuge for himself and family in the little city of Arezzo. Here, on the night that the banished citizens of Florence made the disastrous attempt to recover their homes, July 20, 1304, Francesco Petrarco was born. Eletta, the mother, was not included in the sentence that exiled her husband, and, until Petrarch was seven years old, she resided at Ancisa, a small town about fifteen miles from Florence. At that time the family were reunited at Pisa, and four years later at Avignon, then the residence of the pope. In the little town of Carpentras, near Avignon, Francesco was sent to school. When other boys of his age were struggling to master the elementary principles of the Latin language, and wearily plodding their way through *Æsop's Fables*, he was reveling in the beauties of Cicero and Virgil, and that love for learning had already been kindled in his soul which was only to be extinguished with his life. As the profession of the law was then the only road to preferment outside the Church, Petrarch, at the age of fifteen, was sent to Montpellier to pursue his studies. He there showed his preference for the ancient classics over dry legal lore, and his slow advancement was long a mystery to his father. But in no way disheartened, Pietro sent him in time to the celebrated university of Bologna. While here, it is related that Petrarch's father came one day to see him, and, entering his room unexpectedly, found him poring

over manuscripts of Cicero and Virgil instead of the tomes of canon and civil law. Much displeased, he seized the manuscripts and threw them into the open fire. But a deep groan from his son betrayed such pain and horror at this destruction of his beloved classics, that the good father as hastily withdrew them, only a little browner by the fiery ordeal to which they had been momentarily subjected. He bade him read them if he so desired, "but let Cicero," he said "not only amuse you, but teach you to labor and love the law."

Wishing to gratify his father, to whom he was sincerely attached, Petrarch pursued his studies diligently, and became qualified for the exercise of his profession. But he early abandoned it. "Not because the authority of the laws is irksome to me," he writes, "but because I was disgusted at the thought of having to study thoroughly that which I resolved not to turn to dishonorable, and could scarcely turn to honorable, uses." Thrown upon his own resources by the death of his father, for the small patrimony left to him and his brother was reduced to a moiety before it reached them, he decided to remain at Avignon, and take orders in the Church. The friendship of the celebrated Colonna family, formed at this time, was not only the source of some of the rare pleasures of his life, but proved of material benefit to the future poet.

The almost life-long exile of Petrarch from his native land has been considered a positive advantage to him. He remained long enough in Italy to make the beautiful language his own; but after that he was literally a wanderer, for though Avignon was nominally his home, his was an eminently changeful, restless career. But though changeful, it was not distracting, for everywhere he went he carried with him an atmosphere of learning. He attracted to himself those whose tastes and pursuits were congenial, and at no time intermitted that mental activity and devotion to intellectual

pursuits to which he had consecrated his life. To have been at that stormy period a citizen of any one of the Italian republics, states, or kingdoms would have interfered signally with his pursuits as a man of letters. Avignon was also a most fortunate retreat for the man who was to combine in himself the intellectual forces of the new epoch. His must be a comprehensive culture. No narrow provincial horizon must shut in his gaze. He must have a world-wide outlook. Avignon was the only cosmopolitan city of that age. Here was the residence of the popes. Hither came men from all parts of the world to transact the business of the Catholic Church. Petrarch mingled in a society the most varied in Europe. Its influence upon his impressible nature was most powerful.

His attitude towards the papal court was somewhat peculiar. He enjoyed the friendship of five popes, and his appointment by them to numerous small benefices secured his pecuniary independence. But he was unsparing both in his prose and in his verse in the abuse he heaped upon them. When Petrarch was twenty-three years old he met Laura, the beautiful wife of Hugo de Sade, an event which colored the whole future of his life. Early one morning, in Easter week of 1327, Petrarch entered the Church of St. Claire to take part in the customary devotions. Laura de Sade came hither for the same purpose. As the eye of the poet rested upon her exquisite form, her golden hair, her lovely face, his susceptible soul received an impression so deep and lasting that it remained forever a controlling influence of his genius and his life.

Laura de Noveo was born in Avignon in 1307, and married to Hugo de Sade in 1325. Her husband's temper, naturally morose, was not likely to be sweetened by the partiality of Petrarch for his wife. But though Laura could hardly be indifferent to the admiration of one whose praise was couched in such exquisite sonnets, there is no evidence that she ever permitted the attentions of the poet to go beyond the strictest limits of propriety. She was beautiful and she was virtuous. She was a faithful wife and

became the mother of a large family. The merest trifles such as the passage of his lady's shadow, the dropping of her glove, the scent of a flower, the rustle of a laurel bush, are all that Petrarch's imagination fed upon; and it may be doubted whether he was ever honored by a nearer approach to her personal favor or even acquaintance.

"Romantic devotion to some beautiful woman," writes Petrarch's latest biographer, "was characteristic of the age of chivalry, not yet extinct. It inspired the troubadours of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries as it had fired the legendary prowess of King Arthur's knights. It mingled with the feat of arms in the tilt-yard, and with the prayers and ritual of the sanctuary. Surrounded and adorned by this atmosphere of dutiful and courteous admiration, the part of Queen of Beauty was one to which women of the purest lives might, by the custom of the age, aspire.

"In Petrarch this ideal passion took the shape not of knightly exercises, but of poetry. He was one of the men gifted with an inimitable art of expression, who can create and perpetuate by language emotions more intense and lasting than their own. Without disputing the reality of his tenderness for Laura, it is impossible not to see that it was prodigiously enhanced by the pleasure he found of transfusing it into verse. There is in the *Canzoniere* as much of the artist as the lover; and the sonnets which record his sufferings at a separation from an unrelenting mistress, or his matured grief over her early grave, all partake of this artificial character. This, too, was in the spirit and taste of the age. He is the lineal descendant and direct offspring of the troubadours of Languedoc and Provence and of the earlier poets of Italy.

"If the passion of Petrarch had had more sensual reality in it, it might have been less enduring. Its ideal character permitted it to survive the vicissitudes of life, the decline of beauty, the advance of age, and death itself; for it was enshrined in thought and language, over which time had no power. Laura was forty years old when she died; but her death gave a fresh theme to a dis-



consolate lover. There is no evidence that she shared his tender sentiments, but rather the reverse. He describes her as indifferent to the charms of poetry and song. A veiled figure, intent probably on other affections and cares, haunted him like a spirit; but that spirit breathed life not unmingled with suffering, into his heart, and burst forth in his verses with a splendor and warmth not his own. There is not the smallest evidence that Laura returned or requited his love. He speaks of her countenance as severe, and this stern demeanor was only relaxed by a rare passing gleam of consideration and courtesy. On earth and in life an unfathomable abyss seemed to separate him from her. He loved as one might love an angel or a star."

Petrarch had two mistresses. One was Laura de Sade. To her his sonnets, three hundred in number, were addressed. To banish the image of her loveliness, and drive away the memory of his hopeless passion, he traveled extensively for that age—now a sea voyage along the shores of Spain, France and England; again to Germany and other parts of Europe; to Italy, his beloved native land, whose wrongs excited the most stirring and impassioned of his poems; to Rome, where the antiquities and the artistic ruins of that glorious era of art and literature bearing the name of Augustus, thrilled with delight the finest fibers of his soul. But each time he returned to Avignon, vainly imagining himself master of his being, to be thrown into transports of passionate love at the sight of Laura's beautiful form. In vain he buried himself in the lonely vale of Vaucluse; its romantic solitude only made it more acceptable to his heart.

Fortunately for Petrarch and the world he had another idol, at whose shrine he bowed with as intense and pure devotion as that which he poured forth at the feet of the beautiful Laura. That idol was learning. He may be called the apostle of modern culture. It was his indefatigable search for manuscripts that saved many precious copies of the ancient classics from the ignorant vandalism of the monks, who, in many instances, erased the original text to make

room for their own stupid traditions. Petrarch spared neither labor nor expense to collect these from the dungeons of monasteries where they lay exposed to filth, mold, and vermin.

It was his clarion notes that awoke the intellect of Italy from her long sleep of a thousand years, made her discontented with the corrupt Latin so long in use, and revealed the treasures that lay wrapped up in the ancient classics. He was the first to attempt the restoration of the pure diction and style of Cicero to the intellectual world. Though his Latin sentences fall gratefully on the fastidious ear of posterity, it was to his efforts and influence that scholars of succeeding ages were indebted for the culture that enabled them to see his defects.

In 1339 Barlaam, a learned Greek, came on a mission from the Greek emperor to Avignon. From him Petrarch learned the little that he ever knew of the Greek language. He won the love and lasting friendship of Barlaam by his interest in Greek philosophy and his enthusiastic admiration of Greek poetry. Love and glory were the ruling passions of Petrarch's life. The latter impelled him to covet the honor of receiving publicly the laurel crown of the poet. To gain this he courted the society of the rich and powerful, and to be worthy of it, pored over his books with the devotion of a young man striving for academic honors. At last the long-coveted distinction was granted him. August 23, 1340, as he walked in his orchard at Vaucluse, a letter was given him desiring his presence in Rome to receive from the senate the poet's crown. The same day a similar offer was brought to him from the chancellor of the university in Paris. After some deliberation he chose Rome. To assure himself and the world of his qualifications, he submitted to a public examination. For three days, at Naples, in the presence of the whole court, the erudite king Robert plied him with questions that reviewed all the learning of that age. The listeners were delighted with the ready replies of the poet, and at the conclusion he was pronounced in every way worthy of the dignity to be conferred upon him.

"Early in the morning of Easter day, April 8, 1341," writes one of Petrarch's many biographers, "the streets of Rome resounded with trumpets and the shouts of multitudes; thronging to witness the novel sight of a poet's coronation. The favored bard, as he proceeded to the capital, was attended by eighteen young and noble Romans, twelve in scarlet robes, the rest in green. The senator and chief officers of state came next, and thus escorted he passed through the principal public avenues to the scene of his triumph. The streets had been thickly strewn with flowers, and the windows of every house were filled with ladies, who, while the songs and music of those who accompanied him made the whole scene like a magic show, flung the richest perfumes from the balconies so freely that the essences expended would have served even Spain for a year. Arrived at the capitol, Petrarch, formally summoned by a herald, briefly addressed the assembled multitude, and to their repeated cheers responded by a loud voice, *Viva lo popolo Romano*. He then knelt down, and the senator, placing a crown of laurel on his head, proclaimed him prince of poets. Rising amid the applauses of the spectators, he immediately recited a sonnet on the heroes of Rome, and was then conducted from the capitol to St. Peter's. There taking off his crown before the altar he made it an offering to heaven, and, having finished his devotions, proceeded to the palace of Stephen Colonna, where the chief personages of Rome awaited him at a sumptuous repast. After spending a few days among his friends, and receiving a diploma from the senate which designated him poet, historian, and citizen of Rome, he set out on his return."

In later years Petrarch felt the emptiness of this pompous ceremony, and realized how little real honor and dignity it conferred upon him. In one of his last letters, addressed to Boccaccio, he writes, "That laurel was obtained when I was young and inexperienced; its leaves have been bitter to me; and, with more knowledge of the world, I should not have desired it. I gathered from that wreath no fruit of knowledge or elo-

quence, but the keenest envy, which robbed me of repose, and made me pay dear for my fame and youthful ambition."

These two writers, Petrarch and Boccaccio, to whom Italian literature is so deeply indebted, first met at the court of Naples. Their acquaintance was renewed at Milan. The advice and expostulations of Petrarch had a marked influence upon the author of the Decameron, who had been as licentious in his life as in his productions. Petrarch gave him at parting a copy of his Latin Eclogues, and Boccaccio presented to Petrarch a copy of Dante's "Divine Comedy." This friendship, one of the most interesting in literary annals, was still further cemented by the intercourse they enjoyed in Venice, whither both had fled to avoid the plague, then desolating other parts of Italy. It was in this city that Petrarch, feeling the approaches of age, secured a safe asylum for his books. This precious collection of manuscripts, which he had spent his life in securing, was consigned to the guardianship of the Church of St. Mark. In the library of St. Mark, founded by the munificence of Petrarch and the Republic of Venice, may still be found a few of the treasures placed there five hundred years ago by this illustrious poet.

But neither Avignon, where so much of his life had been passed, and where rested the ashes of Laura, nor Florence, his native city, nor yet Venice, to whom he had given such a strong proof of his affection, nor imperial Rome, whose citizens had honored him as no poet had been honored for thirteen hundred years, was to have the pleasure of shielding the aged Petrarch in his declining years. His last retreat was Arquà, near Padua. In this sequestered and pleasant village among the Euganean hills his last literary work was done. Here he read for the first time Boccaccio's "Decameron," translated the story of "Griseldis" into Latin, and sent it with a letter to the author expressing the pleasure he had taken in reading those "matchless fictions." The day after writing this, July 18, 1374, he was found dead in his library with his head resting upon an open book.

Petrarch was the prominent literary man of the age in which he lived. His shadow extends across the fourteenth century. Through the influence of his writings, by personal friendship, by correspondence in which he gave encouragement and advice, he formed among the other scholars of Europe a bond of union hitherto unknown.

It was the glory of this man of letters, not that he wrote brilliant sonnets to the beautiful Laura, not that he indited learned Latin epistles, which could hardly reach the persons to whom they were addressed, so eager was the public to peruse them; not that he composed verses and treatises in the same language,—none of these labors entitled him to the fame that every age since his time has cheerfully awarded him. He achieved the nobler work of diffusing a love of learning throughout Europe. He so imbued the minds of scholars with enthusiasm for antiquity, both in art and literature, that when the opportunity was granted them of mastering that tongue in which all the wisdom and poetry of the Greeks are embalmed, they were prepared to profit by it, and thus usher in the glorious era of the Renaissance, of which he was the herald.

He lived, especially during his last years, among his books. Wherever he went, and his journeys were numberless, they accompanied him. His study joined his bedroom. Like a religious devotee he gave himself only the absolutely necessary morsel of time for sleep that he might have the more to devote to his darling pursuits. He secluded himself from his friends for the same purpose. He refused many lucrative offices at papal and princely courts for fear his opportunities for study and thought would be infringed upon.

"He was the first and the best of the humanists," writes Sismondi. "With all his

erudition, his enthusiasm for the classics, he never forgot that Christianity was an advance on paganism. He believed that men should guide their steps by the double light of culture and conscience." "I am sometimes a peripatetic," he writes to John of Florence, "sometimes a stoic, then I am an academician, then I am neither one nor the other; but I am always a Christian. To love wisdom is to be a philosopher, but the true wisdom is Jesus Christ. Let us read historians, poets, philosophers, but let us ever treasure in our hearts the Gospel of Christ. That is the true source of wisdom and happiness."

It would have been well for those who followed him in the line of scholarship if they had been true to this faith. Noble as their work was, and deeply as modern culture is indebted to their efforts, they might have ushered in a still more glorious era by holding fast to the principles of that Christianity they affected to despise. Why did not their intellectual acumen enable them to detect the essential good as well as the temporary evils of that system, and not confound the pure teachings of Christ with the immoral practices and impure doctrines of a powerful but corrupt Church?

Arquà still cherishes memorials of Petrarch. There can be seen the house where he spent his last years, the desk on which he wrote, the chair in which he sat. Beside the rushing stream stands the coffer of Verona marble where rests his ashes. Byron thus commemorates the spot:

"There is a tomb in Arquà—reared in air,  
Pillared in their sarcophagus repose  
The bones of Laura's lover; here repair  
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose  
To raise a language, and his land reclaim  
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes.  
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name  
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame."

## BEYOND.

WHEN you would have sweet flowers to smell and hold  
 You do not seek them underneath the old  
 Close-knitted sod, that hides away the mold,  
 Where in the Spring-time past  
 The precious seed was cast.  
 Not down, but up, you turn your eager eyes;  
 You find in Summer the fair flowery prize  
 On the green stalk that reaches toward the skies,  
 And, bending down its top,  
 Gather the fragrant crop.

If you would find the gold of some pure rill,  
 That, following her unrestrained will,  
 Runs laughing down the bright slope of the hill,  
 Or, with a serious mien,  
 Walks through the valley green,  
 You do not seek the spot where she was born—  
 The cavernous mountain chamber, dim, forlorn,  
 That never saw the fair face of the morn,  
 Where she with wailing sound  
 First started from the ground;  
 But rather will you track her windings free  
 To where at last she rushes eagerly  
 Into the white arms of her love, the sea,  
 And hides in his embrace  
 The rapture on her face!

If from the branches of a neighboring tree  
 A bird some morn were missing suddenly,  
 That all the Summer sang for ecstacy,  
 And made your season seem  
 Like a melodious dream;  
 You would not search about the leafless dell,  
 In places where the nestling used to dwell,  
 To find the white walls of her broken shell,  
 Thinking your child of air,  
 Your winged joy, was there!  
 But rather, hurrying from the Autumn gale,  
 Your feet would follow Summer's flowery trail  
 To find her spicy grove, and odorous vale,  
 Knowing that birds and song  
 To pleasant climes belong.

Then wherefore, when you see a soul set free  
 From this poor seed of its mortality,  
 And know you saw not that which is to be,  
 Watch you about the tomb  
 For the immortal bloom?  
 Search for your flowers in the celestial grove:  
 Look for your precious stream of human love  
 In the unfathomable sea above;  
 Follow your missing bird  
 Where songs are always heard.



## ROBERT HALL.

PERHAPS the most distinguished ornament of the Dissenters, in England, if not the most eloquent preacher of all classes of Christians in the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present one was ROBERT HALL, successively pastor of the Baptist Churches at Cambridge, Leicester, and Bristol.

This extraordinary man was born at Amsby, a country village situated about eight miles from the city of Leicester, in England, on the 2d of May, 1764. His father, descended from a respectable Northumberland family, was the pastor of a Baptist Church in that village; only moderately educated, but of a correct judgment and solid piety; one of the earliest of those pastors among the Baptists who aimed to bring the Churches of that denomination from the heights of ultra-Calvinism to less extreme views of religious truth. He was the author of several publications which have been very useful in the Churches, one of which, his "Help to Zion Travelers," has gone through several editions, and is still in demand. He died in March, 1791, and his distinguished son wrote of him, "he appeared to the greatest advantage upon subjects where the faculties of most men fail; for the natural element of his mind was greatness." The wife of this excellent man, Robert Hall's mother, was "a woman of sterling sense and distinguished piety." Her death occurred in December, 1776.

The subject of this sketch was the last born, the fourteenth, child of his parents. Of these fourteen only six survived their parents, and only three lived to share in the general sorrow which the death of their youngest brother produced. His infancy was exceedingly unpromising; he was so unusually delicate and feeble that he could neither walk nor talk until he was two years old, and it was not supposed that he would reach maturity. He was carried in the open air in the arms of a nurse, a woman of integrity and intelligence, who taught him to

pronounce the letters of the alphabet from the inscriptions on the grave-stones in the village grave-yard; and, after the spell had been thus broken, she led her puny scholar to group the letters thus learned into syllables and words, and eventually to read and speak.

The parents of Mr. Hall, like many other English parents of moderate circumstances, intrusted the primary school education of their child to a female teacher; "Dame Scotton" having enjoyed the honor of being his first professional instructor, and "Dame Lyley" that of being the next in the succession. While Robert was under the care of these ladies he became a collector of books and an eager student; and he was accustomed in the Summer afternoons, after school hours, to gather his little library, steal into the neighboring grave-yard—which he called his "study"—throw himself upon the grass, and, surrounded by his books, remain there engrossed in his reading until the deepening shades of evening compelled him to return to his home. It is not improbable that he contracted in that exposure the disease which so sadly embittered his entire manhood, and which led Doctor Pritchard to remark, years after, that "no man, probably, ever went through more physical suffering than Mr. Hall."

During this period Robert became intimate with one of his father's congregation, a tailor, a very well informed man, unusually shrewd, and an acute metaphysician. Through the influence of this humble mechanic the child became an earnest reader and attentive student of the works of Jonathan Edwards, whose profound treatises on the "Affections" and the "Will," before he had passed his eighth year, had been perused and reperused with intense interest. Butler's "Analogy," and other works equally profound, had also, with the help of his friends, passed under his eye, "with a like interest."

At about six years of age he was trans-

ferred to the day-school of Mr. Simmons, of Wigston, where he appears to have continued until he was eleven years of age, when his conscientious teacher informed his father that he was quite unable to keep pace with his pupil. The remarkable character of Mr. Simmons's young pupil, both intellectual and religious, induced his father to think seriously of educating him for the ministry; but the delicate health of the son and the limited means of the father occasioned some perplexity. Mr. Hall contented himself, therefore, in taking his already distinguished child to Kettering, in Northamptonshire, leaving him temporarily in the family of Mr. Beeley Wallis, an influential and valued friend; and the already impaired health of the young student appears to have been much improved by his short cessation from labor. But the brief visit to Kettering was productive of other results, not less significant than the restoration of some portion of Robert's impaired health. It appears that Mr. Wallis, whose guest he was, was so much astonished at the precocity of talent of his young visitor, that he requested the latter several times to deliver a short address to a select auditory invited for the purpose. When the promising child had become the distinguished preacher years afterwards, he referred to the injury which had been thus unwittingly inflicted on him by that injudicious proceeding. "Conceive, sir, if you can, the egregious impropriety of setting a boy of eleven to preach to a company of grave gentlemen, full half of whom wore wigs. I never call the circumstance to mind but with grief at the vanity it inspired; nor when I think of such mistakes of good men am I inclined to question the correctness of Baxter's language, strong as it is, where he says, 'Nor should men turn preachers as the Nilus breeds frogs (said Herodotus), when one-half *moveth* before the other is made, and while it is yet but *plain mud*?' "

From Northampton he appears to have returned to his father's house at Amsby; and during the succeeding two years and a half he studied divinity and some collateral subjects, principally under the guidance of his father, with occasional hints from his

metaphysical friend, the village tailor. In October, 1778, being then in his fifteenth year, Robert was placed in the Bristol Institution, a theological seminary controlled by the Bristol Education Society, on a foundation created by Doctor Ward, where, during the succeeding three years, he pursued his studies with great ardor and success under Rev. Hugh Evans, Rev. Caleb Evans, D. D., and Rev. James Newton. In the Autumn of 1781, also on Doctor Ward's foundation, and in accordance with that gentleman's will, Robert accompanied by Mr. Stennett, went to Glasgow, where he appears to have entered King's College, and while there he became the companion and bosom friend of Sir James Mackintosh, the distinguished historian, statesman, and jurist, whose intimacy continued unbroken until the death of the latter in 1831.

While Mr. Hall was thus completing his collegiate education, it is said that "he set too high an estimate on merely intellectual attainments, and valued himself, not more, perhaps, than was natural to youth, yet too much, on the extent of his mental possessions," and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, nor is it to be seriously regretted, that when he made his first effort to deliver a sermon, on the text which had been assigned to him (1 Timothy iv, 10), he made an ignominious failure, and that his second effort, on the following week, on the same text, was even more disastrous; although it is claimed by his friends that he was awakened to a sense of his undue self-esteem by these terrible failures, and that his "humility afterwards became as conspicuous as his talents."

He generally spent the seminary and college vacations under the paternal roof at Amsby, and in that of 1780,—August 13, 1780,—he was formally "set apart to public employ," by the Church of which his father was pastor, in accordance with the usage of Baptist Churches; and, in November, 1783, while he was yet pursuing his studies in Scotland, he was invited by the Broadmead Church at Bristol, to become the associate pastor with Doctor Caleb Evans, his former preceptor, an invitation which he accepted,

it is said, "with much doubt and diffidence." From the date of his acceptance of this joint pastorate until May, 1785, when he completed his studies in King's College, Mr. Hall occupied the pulpit of the Broadmead Church only during the college vacations, and just as he had attained his majority, he left Scotland and entered on that brilliant career which has made his name illustrious.

At that time Mr. Hall's mental powers, which had always been strong, seemed to have attained extraordinary vigor; and, with the exception of the Hebrew language, of which he knew nothing, his acquirements were very large in literary and Biblical knowledge. His style of preaching also was exceedingly attractive, and, notwithstanding the high standing as a scholar and preacher of his associate in the pastorate, Dr. Caleb Evans, his sermons excited an unusual attention, and the meeting-house was frequently crowded to excess, many of the most distinguished residents of Bristol, lay and clerical, being frequently among his hearers, a popularity which continued unbroken as long as he resided in that city.

The brilliancy and force of Mr. Hall's eloquence were universally recognized, and his instructive and fascinating conversation were not less generally known and admired. But it is due to truth that we shall say that it is very questionable if he possessed at that time any thing else than a merely intellectual knowledge of the great plan of redemption and of the salvation of fallen man, agreeably to that plan, through a crucified and risen Savior. Indeed, it is said of him, by one of his most intimate personal friends, that "it ought not to be concealed (for I simply announce his own deliberate conviction frequently expressed in after life) that at that time he was very inadequately qualified for the duties of a minister of the Gospel. He had, it is true, firmly embraced and cordially relied upon those fundamental truths which are comprehended in the declaration, 'He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him;' and he often expatiated with much originality and

beauty upon the divine attributes, and constantly exhorted men to adhere closely to the path of duty, yet not often from the higher, namely, the evangelical, motives to pure and benevolent and holy conduct. His knowledge of Christianity as a system of restoration and reconciliation was comparatively defective and obscure," his friend continued: "and he felt but little alive to those peculiarities of the new dispensation upon which in mature life he loved to dwell. In his preaching he dwelt too much in generalities or enlarged upon topics which, though in a certain sense, are noble and inspiring and thus calculated to elevate the mind, did not flow immediately from the great scheme of redemption which it was his especial office to disclose. The extent of God's matchless love and mercy, the depth of the mystery of his designs, the inexhaustible treasury of his blessings and graces, the wonderful benefits flowing from the incarnation, humiliation, and sacrifice of the Son of God, the delightful privileges of the saints—these were themes to which he resorted far less frequently than in later years; and he persuaded himself that this was not very wrong, because his colleague, Dr. Evans, who had 'the charge of the Church,' adverted so incessantly to the doctrines of our Lord's divinity and atonement, of spiritual influence and regeneration as to leave room for him to explore other regions of instruction and interest." In other words, at the time of his entrance into the pastorate of the Broadmead Church, "the root of the matter was not in him," and that, like too many pastors of later periods, he had been employed and regarded himself as employed not so much to "preach the Gospel" or to seek the salvation of sinners, as to roll out finely constructed sentences concerning every thing else than the "Master's business," for the infinitely less worthy purpose of merely delighting "the pews."

But it was not merely in his negative qualities that Mr. Hall at that early period had become an object of anxiety among the leading pastors throughout the kingdom. As early as June, 1785, the not very rigid Andrew Fuller "felt much pain for him,"

because of the questionable character of his religious opinions, and prayed: "The Lord in mercy to him and his Churches in this country keep him in the path of truth and righteousness;" and about the same time Dr. Ryland, his old teacher, said that he found "many things that make me fear for him," and prayed, "Oh, that the Lord would keep him humble and make him prudent." A year later, June, 1786, Dr. Ryland was constrained to tell him "of the general disgust you have given to your former friends at Birmingham on your last visit," at the same time pointing out to him the danger of his continued dalliance with Socinianism, with which his conversation and many of his public discourses were thoroughly surcharged. Referring to one of those discourses the anxious Ryland said, "O my dear friend, can I conceive that your mind was deeply impressed with a sense of the divine purity and the justice of God's law when you could utter so vain and so vile a speech as this?"

It was hardly to be expected that so staid a senior pastor as Dr. Evans would rest contented with such a colleague or so well settled a Church as the old Broadmead with such a junior pastor. For more than two years the minds and tempers of the two pastors were much disturbed by personal differences, the partisan feelings of their respective friends were very much excited and the peace of the Church was imperiled. Papers were written and pamphlets published, the interposition of friends availed but little and an arbitration in which the mayor of Bristol represented the senior pastor ended only in increased ill-feeling. At the same time, because of Mr. Hall's continued serious defection "from the accredited standards of even moderate orthodoxy," he had not only severely wounded many of his warmest friends, and the Church of which he was a pastor was constrained soon after to take official action on the subject, apparently after some less decisive measures had proved to be insufficient, causing him to seek employment in another pulpit.

Fortunately we are not obliged to speculate concerning Mr. Hall's religious opinions

at the time of which we write, since a reply which he made to the Broadmead Church in December, 1790, tells us over his own hand, that although he conceded that the Savior was divine, that his merits are the *sole* ground of acceptance in the sight of God, and that divine influence is necessary to regenerate and sanctify the mind of every one in order to his becoming a real Christian, he expressly denied "the federal headship of Adam, as it is called, and the imputation of his sin to his posterity," and all that depends on that fundamental article of faith. He professed to "believe in the divine decrees and, of course, in the predestination of all events, of which the number of the finally saved is one;" but he repudiated "the doctrine of absolute election and reprobation." He declared without reserve that he was and had been "for a long time a materialist," though he had never promulgated his views on that subject from the pulpit, and while he insisted that "the primitive, the regular, and proper mode of administration of baptism was by immersion," he also held "that sprinkling, though an innovation, does not deprive baptism of its essential validity so as to put the person that has been sprinkled in adult age upon the footing of the unbaptized." He rejected the baptism of infants, "as a perversion of the intention of the sacred institution," as inconsistently, it seems to us, as he rejected some others of the articles of the popular faith.

This strange mixture of orthodoxy and heterodoxy of immersionist and non-immersionist views which Mr. Hall thus presented as his well settled religious faith, as he well enough knew, was so questionable in its character that if no Baptist Church could be found to wink at it, "it amounted," as he himself said, "to his exclusion as a minister from every Christian society throughout the whole earth;" and thus self-sentenced this brilliant young man, whose usefulness in his designated work, if his efforts had been well directed, was limited only by his capability to labor, was obliged to withdraw from the honorable position which he then occupied, and to remain unemployed and excluded from every pulpit "throughout the



whole earth," unless some Baptist Church very loose in its creed could be induced to close its eyes to his errors and inconsistencies, and for the sake of securing a merely attractive pastor regardless of all else than his great abilities and his elecutionary and rhetorical graces, to give him the employment which he sought.

Fortunately for Mr. Hall (God only knows how fortunate or unfortunate it was for all else) there was one and only one Baptist Church then in existence which exactly met his case; and that Church strangely enough had been deprived of its gifted but erratic pastor a few months before, and at this very time was looking about for a successor. Naturally enough the admirers and supporters of Robert Robinson, the associate and apologist of Joseph Priestley, turned to Robert Hall, whose sympathy with that eminent scholar and brilliant skeptic was not less marked and but little less known, to fill the pulpit which the recent death of their favorite had left vacant at Cambridge, and quite as reasonably, even if there had been other places accessible to him, Robert Hall was not loath to occupy that particular pulpit.

The high reputation which Mr. Hall had acquired as a preacher and his openly declared materialistic opinions induced that remarkable Church in the early Summer of 1790 to invite him to occupy its pulpit for one month "as a probationer," and in December of the same year he was invited to occupy the pulpit again, also "as a probationer," for a further term of six months, and in July, 1791, at the close of his second probationary service, he was called to the pastorate.

There was not then among the English Baptists any one of sufficient eminence except Mr. Hall to have been regarded for a moment as a fit successor to Mr. Robinson, nor was there any Baptist Church in all England with which he could have then become connected, with the same prospect of becoming useful and happy with the views he then entertained. Had his religious principles and feelings been such in 1790 and 1791 as they became a few years afterward, not even his great ability would have made

them palatable to such a Church, and a connection with such a one, had it been formed, would have been of short duration. On the other hand, had the Church been entirely and decidedly Socinianized, he could not have conscientiously become its pastor. The providential correlation soon began to show itself. The looseness of opinions on many points in the Church, which even then he thought momentous, led him to enforce them frequently with the utmost energy, while his known freedom of opinion on other points, which they also had been led to canvass freely, preserved him from the odium of orthodoxy. Priding themselves on their liberality and freedom, they could not but congratulate one another that their new pastor, a man of splendid talents, was almost as liberal and unshackled as they were. Again, the want of devotional seriousness in the Church and congregation, by the force of contrast, heightened his own estimate of the value of true piety, and this also produced in him an augmented earnestness and fidelity, which they learned first to tolerate and then to admire. Thus, as has been said, "by the operation of an incessant action and reaction, continued for years, each party exerted a salutary influence on the other, and at length both Church and pastor became so distinguished for piety, harmony, and affection that they who had known and lamented their former state were compelled to exclaim, 'This hath God wrought!'" It is said, however, that Mr. Hall was not quite satisfactory to all the members of the Church, and a body of them withdrew soon after he entered on the pastorate, and organized an avowed Socinian Church.

The death of Mr. Hall's father, in March, 1791, led the pastor at Cambridge to review some of his extraordinary conclusions, and it is said that gradually "some important changes in his sentiments resulted from an inquiry conducted under such solemn impressions, and among these may be mentioned his renunciation of materialism, which he often declared he 'buried in his father's grave.'"

Mr. Hall filled the pulpit of the Baptist

Church in Cambridge from June 1790, until March, 1806. He was then in the very prime of life, unmarried, surrounded by learning, wealth, and influence, and in the height of his extraordinary powers.

Dr. Olinthus Gregory, who knew him intimately all this time, writes, "When I saw Mr. Hall, I was struck with his well-proportioned, athletic figure, the unassuming dignity of his deportment, the winning frankness which marked all he uttered, and the peculiarities of the most speaking countenance I had ever contemplated, animated by eyes radiating with the brilliancy imparted to them by benevolence, wit, and intellectual energy. . . .

"Mr. Hall had a buoyancy and playfulness when among his select friends which were remarkably captivating. Among strangers there was a reserve for a short time; but it was soon shaken off, especially if he found that they were pious or intelligent. The presence of a man who gave himself airs of condescension usually induced him to remain silent or to retire. He could enjoy the society of men of moderate information, and it was interesting to observe how, by a few apt questions, he would ascertain in what direction their pursuits lay, and then so draw them out as to give them the pleasure of feeling that they were contributing to *his* stock of the knowledge which they could not but think useful. He was eminently alive to the emotions of pity, an affection always calculated to inspire attachment, but which in a man of abstract habits is apt to be unusual. He was generous by nature as well as upon principle, and in seasons of affliction would remarkably identify himself with those who most needed sympathy."

In him there was nothing whatever of gloom or moroseness, and the raillery in which he was apt to indulge showed his good nature and was exceedingly playful. In disputation he was very impetuous, often dogmatic, sometimes extremely overbearing, and conceit engrafted on ignorance especially provoked his impatience and called forth a severity which he scarcely knew how to restrain. The predominant features of his character were cheerfulness and kind-

ness. He never deliberately gave pain to any one, except in those few instances where he felt constrained to "rebuke sharply" for the good of the offender. His kindness to children, to servants, to the poor, even to animals, was uniformly manifest; and such was his prevailing cheerfulness that he seemed to move and breathe in an atmosphere of hilarity, which his countenance always indicated, except when his bodily sufferings affected his spirits.

His pastoral duties were carefully and systematically discharged. He made it a rule to pay a pastoral visit to *every member* of his Church once in every three months, and he did the same to such of his ordinary hearers, not members of the Church, as he thought willing to receive him in his pastoral character. These were not merely calls, but visits, usually during the evening, that he might meet the entire family assembled around the family fireside. Among the poorer members, to make them feel at ease, he would sit down with them at supper, and that his visit might involve them in no extra expense he took care that they should all know that he preferred a bowl of milk. He persuaded the poorer members to form little meetings for reading, religious conversation, and prayer, going "from house to house." These were held every two weeks during the Summer and every week during the Winter, and he made it a point of official duty to attend them as frequently as possible.

Of Mr. Hall as a preacher at the time of which we write the pen of one who was then an intimately personal friend, Dr. Gregory, has left what is said to be an insufficient record, but still such a one as could be made of few others.

"His manner of reading the Scriptures at the beginning of the service was not generally interesting, nor did the portion read always bear an obvious reference to the text or subject afterward brought forward. But when passages of Scripture were quoted in the sermon they were so delivered as to give to their true meaning the most intelligible prominence and force.

"His prayers were remarkable for their

simplicity and their devotional feeling. No person could listen to them without being persuaded that he who uttered them was really engaged in prayer, was holding communion with his God and Father in Jesus Christ. His tones and his countenance throughout these exercises were those of one most deeply imbued with a sense of his own unworthiness, and throwing himself at the feet of the Great Eternal, conscious that he could present no claim for a single blessing but the blood of atonement, yet animated with the cheering hope that the voice of that blood would prevail. The structure of these prayers never indicated any preconceived plan. They were the genuine effusions of a truly devotional spirit, animated by a vivid recollection of what, in his own state, in that of the congregation, or the town or the vicinity, needed most ardently to be laid before the Father of Mercies. Thus they were remarkably comprehensive and furnished a far greater variety on the successive occasions of public worship than those of any other minister whom I have ever known. The portions which were devoted to intercession operated most happily in drawing the affections of his people toward himself, since they showed how completely his Christian sympathy had prepared him to make their respective cases his own.

"The commencement of his sermons did not excite much expectation in strangers, except they were such as recollected how the mental agitation produced by diffidence characterized the first sentences of some of the orators of antiquity. He began with hesitation and often in a very low and feeble tone, coughing frequently, as though he were oppressed by asthmatic obstructions. As he proceeded his manner became easy, graceful, and at length highly impassioned; his voice, also, acquired more flexibility, body, and sweetness; and in all his happier and more successful efforts, it swelled into a stream of the most touching and impressive melody. The further he advanced the more spontaneous, natural, and free from labor seemed the progression of thought. He announced the results of the most extensive

reading, of the most patient investigation, or of the profoundest thinking with such unassuming simplicity, yet set them in such a position of obvious and lucid reality, that the auditors wondered how things so simple and manifest should have escaped them. Throughout his sermons he kept his subject thoroughly in view, and so incessantly brought forward new arguments or new illustrations to confirm or strengthen it that with him amplification was almost invariably accumulative in its tendency. One thought was succeeded by another, and that by another and another, each more weighty than the preceding, each more calculated to deepen and render permanent the ultimate impression. He could at pleasure adopt the unadorned, the ornamental, or the energetic, and, indeed, combine them in every diversity of modulation. In his higher flights, what he said of Burke might, with the slightest deduction, be applied to himself, 'that his imperial fancy laid all nature under tribute, and collected riches from every scene of the creation and every work of art;' and at the same time that could be affirmed of Mr. Hall which could not be affirmed of Mr. Burke, that he never fatigued and oppressed by gaudy and superfluous imagery. Whenever the subject obviously justified it, he would yield the reins to an eloquence more diffusive and magnificent than the ordinary course of pulpit instruction seemed to require; yet so exquisite was his perception of beauty and so sound his judgment, that not the coldest taste, provided it were real taste, could ever wish an image omitted which Mr. Hall had introduced. His inexhaustible variety augmented the general effect. The same images, the same illustrations scarcely ever recurred. So ample were his stores that repetition of every kind was usually avoided; while in his illustrations he would connect and contrast what was disjointed and opposed or distinctly unfold what was abstracted or obscure in such terms as were generally intelligible, not only to the well informed but to the meanest capacity. As he advanced to his practical applications all his mental powers were shown in the most palpable

but finely balanced exercise. His mind would, if I may so speak, collect itself and come forth with a luminous activity, proving as he advanced how vast and, in some important senses, how next to irresistible those powers were. In such seasons his preaching communicated universal animation; his congregation would seem to partake of his spirit, to think and feel as he did to be fully influenced by the presence of the objects which he had placed before them, fully actuated by the motives which he had enforced with energy and pathos. All was doubtless heightened by his singular rapidity of utterance; by the rhythmical structure of his sentences, calculated at once for the transmission of the most momentous truths, for the powers of his voice, and for the convenience of breathing freely at measured intervals; and more than all, by the unequivocal earnestness and sincerity which pervaded the whole, and by the eloquence of his most speaking countenance and penetrating eye. In his sublime strains not only was every faculty of the soul enkindled and in entire operation, but his very features seemed fully to sympathize with the spirit, and to give out, nay, to *throw out*, thought and sentiment and feeling."

During his residence at Cambridge Mr. Hall became thoroughly proficient in Hebrew, and also reviewed his Latin and Greek, and still, which is more remarkable, enlarged his knowledge of mathematics; he carefully studied the early Christian fathers, the fathers of the Reformation, the principal theologians of the seventeenth century, and the most valued authors on the same subject, including the most esteemed French writers of a later period. At the same time his usefulness and popularity as a preacher continued; the Church and congregation became larger; and in 1798 it became necessary to enlarge the meeting-house in order to accommodate the increased attendance.

During all that period the severe pains in his back, which had always severely afflicted him, became more and more oppressive, and in 1799 he was visited with a severe fever, which brought him in his own apprehension and that of his friends to the

brink of the grave. But these distressing drawbacks were not sufficient to overcome his engerness to acquire increased knowledge nor to check the intense application which was necessary to obtain it.

The change in his religious opinions which dated from the death of his father, in 1791, was evidently advanced during and subsequent to his last-named sickness. He had enjoyed "an opportunity of experiencing the support yielded by the doctrines of the cross in the near views of death and judgment." He said he had never before felt his mind so calm and happy. The impression was not only immediately consolatory, but it continued; and he was prompted to a further investigation of his peculiar opinions on one or two points of faith. It is said that for some years previous to that sickness he had earnestly and steadily enforced the necessity of divine influence in the transformation of character and in perseverance in a course of consistent and holy obedience; yet he had spoken of it as "the influence of the Spirit of God." He had done so in his letter to the Broadmead Church in 1790, but never named in express terms "the influence of the Holy Spirit." The reason was that, although he had been entirely convinced, even from the beginning, that divine influence was necessary in commencing and continuing the spiritual life, he doubted the distinct personality of the Holy Spirit. But during that sickness he perceived that whenever, in private prayer, he was in the most deeply devotional frame of mind—"most overwhelmed with the sense that he was nothing, and God was all in all"—he always felt inclined to adopt a trinitarian doxology. That circumstance, often repeated and more frequently considered in a tone of honest and earnest inquiry, resulted at length in a persuasion that the Holy Spirit is really and truly God, and not an emanation. It was not, however, until 1800 that he publicly included the personality of the Holy Spirit in his statements of the doctrine of spiritual influence.

The influence of the French Revolution in the dissemination of irreligious sentiments induced Mr. Hall to resist the evil



both in his private intercourse and his public ministrations; and in November, 1799, he preached his celebrated discourse on *Modern Infidelity*, which was so well received, unless by those whom it opposed, that "from that time Mr. Hall's reputation was placed upon an eminence which it will probably retain as long as purity and elevation of style, deeply philosophical views of the springs and motives of action, and correct theological sentiments are duly appreciated in the world." It secured for him the esteem of many distinguished men in every walk of life. And it is supposed to have done more to check the growing skepticism of that period than any other publication.

In June, 1802, when a national thanksgiving for the establishment of the general peace was held, Mr. Hall delivered his discourse entitled "Reflections on War," and in October, 1803, when the peace was broken and Bonaparte threatened an invasion of England, his reputation was raised to its greatest height among all classes by the production of his fast-day sermon entitled "The Sentiments Proper to the Present Crisis." The last ten pages of that address were thought by many, of whom Mr. Pitt was said to have been one, to be "fully equal in genuine eloquence to any passage of the same length that can be selected from either ancient or modern orators." They were reprinted over and over again and widely circulated, and they evidently suggested some of the finest thoughts in Sir James Mackintosh's splendid defense of Peltier, the editor of *L'Amigu*, who was tried in London for a libel on Bonaparte.

Early in 1803 his bodily sufferings became so intense and unrelenting that he was unable to sleep, and his spirits were consequently depressed to an unusual degree. To remedy this he was advised to remove his residence to a distance from Cambridge, and to resort to horseback exercise; and in accordance with that advice he hired a house at Shelford, five miles distant. The short and frequent journeys on horseback for a while seemed to be useful; but the improvement was only temporary. He missed the society to which he had been

accustomed, and he was left too much alone and exposed to all the morbid influences of a disordered body and of an over-strained mind. The remedy for that loneliness, which he naturally sought, was that which might have been foreseen—he threw himself into the society of his books, and reasonably enough the delicate mind lost its equilibrium, and in November, 1804, he who had been so long the theme of universal admiration became the subject of an equally widespread sympathy. The skillful treatment of Dr. Arnold, of Leicester, with the blessing of God, restored the invalid to both mental and bodily health in about two months, but he did not resume his ministerial duties until April, 1805.

On his return from Leicester it was considered inexpedient for him to go to Shelford, where he had resided before he had been overcome with disease; but unaccountably to us another country home was provided for him at Foulmire, nine miles from Cambridge, where his opportunities for social intercourse were almost entirely cut off, leaving him more than ever before to feed upon his own thoughts. The consequence may be easily seen. His public ministrations presented no evidence of his wavering health; but solitude and a return of his old pain, the latter with more than its usual severity, before long began to produce their necessary consequences. In the Autumn of 1805 the malady returned, and he was again laid aside from his official duties.

Although the term of his retirement was not considerable, it was regarded as essential to the permanent possession of his mental health and vigor that he should resign the pastorate of the Church at Cambridge, and, for at least a year, he should seek retirement in a spot selected and cordially approved by himself, and entirely abstain from preaching, and that as far as possible he should avoid all strong excitement. Accordingly on the 4th of March, 1806, he resigned his pastorate, and thus terminated a connection which had continued fifteen years and been useful to both pastor and Church in the almost entire transformation of character of both.

On his removal from the care of Dr. Cox, of Fish-ponds, near Bristol, who had had charge of him during his second mental attack, Mr. Hall spent some months among his relatives and friends in Leicestershire, and by the united influences of calm retirement and gentle, spontaneous occupation he gradually regained his bodily health with great mental tranquillity and a renewed capacity for usefulness in the ministry. He occasionally preached in the villages contiguous to Leicester, and as his health improved he sometimes occupied the pulpit of a small Baptist Church meeting in Harvey-lane, Leicester, which some time previously had been under the pastoral care of that eminent man, William Carey, subsequently immortalized as the pioneer of modern missionary enterprise and as the translator of the Scriptures into the leading languages of India.

It is worthy of especial notice that notwithstanding all his remarkable intellectual powers and his unequalled reputation as a minister of the Gospel until after his restoration from these alarming attacks, Mr. Hall said of his religious experience, "his own decided persuasion was, that however vivid his convictions of religious truth and of the necessity of a consistent course of evangelical obedience had been, and however correct his doctrinal sentiments during the last four or five years, yet that he did not undergo a thorough transformation of character, a complete renewal of his heart and affections, until the first of these seizures." Some of his Cambridge friends who visited him at Shelford previous to his removal to Dr. Arnold's, and witnessed his deep prostration of soul while he read the fifty-first Psalm, and made each verse the subject of penitent confession and of a distinct prayer, were inclined to concur with him as to the correctness of the opinion. However this may be, there can be no question that from this period he seemed to live under the prevailing recollection of his entire dependence upon God, that his habits were more devotional than they had ever been before, and his exercises more fervent and more elevated.

It was also at that time that Mr. Hall, under the persuasion to which reference has

been made, made a solemn dedication of himself to God, and as solemnly he appeared to have renewed the act of dedication annually on the recurrence of his birthday. One of these acts of dedication formally executed has been preserved by his faithful friend and biographer, Dr. Gregory, and for depth of penitence and pathos it has few equals, even among the writings of the mystics.

During the year 1807 his health had been so far restored that he was able to resume his pastoral duties, when he accepted the pastorate of the little Baptist Church at Leicester, which he described as "a simple-hearted, affectionate, praying people, to whom I preach with more pleasure than to the more refined audience at Cambridge." In March, 1808, he married, of which event writing to Dr. Ryland soon afterwards he said, "in gratitude to God and to my dear companion I must add that marriage has added a little to my cares, much to my comfort, and that I am indulged with the best of wives." Five children—two sons and three daughters—were the fruits of that happy marriage.

For nearly twenty years Mr. Hall continued to be the faithful and honored pastor of the Church at Leicester, and there is reason to suppose that during that period of his life, not less than in any other, he was happy, active, and useful. His Church and congregation were largely increased in numbers; his domestic comfort contributed to a more uniform flow of spirits than he had previously experienced, and even still more to the regularity of his habits; and he was, also, within reach of those social privileges which he had found so agreeable and so necessary years before.

During that period his pen was not very active, but his "Review of Zeal without Innovation," his sermons on "The Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes," "The Discouragements and Supports of the Christian Ministry," "The Character of the Christian Missionary," and "The Death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales," his "Letters to the Churches," written for different associations, and his biographical sketches

are among the well-known productions of his mind. It was at Leicester also that he delivered his celebrated lectures on Socinianism, and there, too, he wrote his not less celebrated tracts on "The Terms of Communion."

Throughout the entire period of his residence at Leicester Mr. Hall suffered much from his constitutional complaint, and neither his habit of smoking nor the use of laudanum, of which, in 1812, he used from fifty to a hundred drops every night, and in 1825 not less than a thousand, seemed to alleviate his sufferings. It was truly surprising that such constant and severe pain and the means employed to mitigate it did not diminish his mental energy. A little difference was discernible in his conversation, it is said, but his ministrations in the pulpit lost nothing of their force.

In 1825 the death of Dr. Ryland led to the invitation of Mr. Hall to take the pastoral office over the Churches at Broadmead in the city of Bristol, those of which he had been previously a joint pastor, and, after some months spent in anxious deliberations, he accepted it and returned to that city.

There was no peculiarly notable event during the remainder of Mr. Hall's life. He continued to discharge the duties of his very peculiar pastorate, that of two distinct Churches, holding distinct if not antagonistic doctrines, worshiping under the same roof at the same time and under the same pastor; but it was not long after his removal to Bristol that it became very evident that his great work was nearly finished, that he was rapidly approaching the end of his days. The Church and congregation soon received numerous accessions, and their pastor received from them daily every demonstration of respect and affection. He was also favored with all those social privileges which he so greatly enjoyed, and his domestic comforts were all that he needed or desired. But for many years he had not been able to pass an entire night in his bed, and sometimes the laudanum which he took, large as the doses had become, did not sufficiently neutralize his pain to permit him to rest quietly either

upon his usual three chairs or on the floor, on which he finally sought relief.

His inability to take exercise on account of the severity of his complaint produced another disorder, formidable in its nature and fatal in its result. The indications of a plethoric habit became more and more apparent, and consequently the natural action of the heart was impaired, producing a sensation of distress in the region of the chest. The most eminent physicians whose advice was sought failed to afford any relief, and during the Summer of 1830 the diseases had so greatly increased their hold on his system that he was recommended to suspend his pastoral duties and try the effect of a total change of air and scenery. He spent some time, therefore, in the Forest of Dean and at Cheltenham; but the relief which he obtained was only of short duration, the spasmodic affection of the chest occurring with increasing frequency and in a more alarming character.

The last service at Broadmead in which Mr. Hall took any part was the Church meeting held on Wednesday the 9th of February, 1831, at which his closing prayer is said to have been "most spiritual and elevated, exhibiting in its highest manifestation the peculiar union of humility, benevolence, and fervor by which his devotional exercises had very long been characterized."

On the next day, while he was in his study preparing for the usual monthly sermon preparatory to the administration of the Lord's-supper on the next Lord's-day, he was seized with an attack of the complaint in his chest, and so uncommonly severe was it, that he was compelled to multiply his doses of laudanum until during a single night "he had taken no less than one hundred and twenty-five grains of solid opium, equal to three thousand drops or four ounces of laudanum."

From that time the paroxysms increased, both in frequency and severity, and during the intervals he was usually so exhausted and weak that he was seldom able to converse with those about him. His expressions, however, "insulated and broken as they generally were, proved that he was able fully

to trust in God, which is the grand principle of religion, and that, thus trusting in Him his soul was kept in peace. No murmuring, no language of irritability escaped his lips."

He continued thus to sustain attack after attack until the 21st of February, when he was suddenly seized with one which was the last. He died surrounded by his family, and, as his medical attendants declared,

"without any failure of his mental vigor or composure."

It would be as presumptuous as it is unnecessary to say any thing further concerning the literary, intellectual, or religious character of this extraordinary man. His works which remain "constitute his noblest monument, the most enduring tribute to his memory."

### CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN TURKEY.

[Though written three or four months ago, the following sketches are very nearly as correct for the present time as for that for which they were written.—Ed. N. R.]

**W**ERE it not for the suffering people we might treat of the history of the Turkish Government during these months as so many acts in a comedy; but human suffering is never ridiculous, and those who live in the midst of it find nothing amusing in the obstinate stupidity which causes it. It is not pleasant to live among the ruins of a crumbling empire, however picturesque these ruins may appear at a distance, and however much it may be for the interest of foreign politicians to leave them undisturbed. Whatever may be the course of contemporary thought in England, where the fate of Turkey has unfortunately become a party question, the people of Turkey can only think of it as it affects their own interests, and they desire above all things that the people of England should understand their condition as it is. This is a reasonable desire, whether any thing can be done for them or not.

#### THE GREEK QUESTION.

The Greek Question is not a simple one. Very few questions connected with the East are simple. The aspirations of the kingdom of Greece are natural. Her appeal to Europe was justifiable, and there can be no question of the advantage which it would be to Greece, and to the populations of Epirus, Thessaly, and Crete, if these provinces were annexed to the kingdom. If this were all, they would be annexed,

and all the world would rejoice. It is to be regretted that the Congress of Berlin did not shut its eyes to other considerations and settle it off-hand in this way; but they did not, and no power now exists which can do so.

These provinces belong to Turkey, and she can not see that it is for her interest to give them up. Greece can not possibly offer her any thing in return for them, and, as against Turkey, she has no claim upon them. The Congress of Berlin advised Turkey to arrange by friendly negotiation for the cession of a part of them; but there is really no ground upon which a negotiation can be based. Turkey is ready to yield something out of respect to Europe; but she naturally wishes to give up as little as possible. Then there are other powers interested. Austria and Italy, but especially the former, have their own views of the destiny of European Turkey, and their own plans of aggrandizement. Albania and Macedonia have to be considered. England, France, and Russia also are looking forward to the future, and questioning how the settlement of this question will affect their plans for the final solution of the Eastern Question. Here is room for intrigues without end and complications without limit.

The Greeks are indignant, especially against England and Austria; and their papers have used some very disagreeable language. Some of them seem to believe that Osman Pasha really contemplates a reconquest of Greece itself, and that England might consent to it. All this is absurd;



but there can be no doubt about the fact that England and Austria have thus far opposed the claims of Greece, and that Austria and Turkey have, each in her own way, contributed to excite discontent in Albania, and keep up a state of anarchy in Macedonia. A leading paper in Vienna openly declared that it was the intention of Austria to push on to Salonica, after taking possession of Novi Bazaar. She certainly has very little sympathy with Greece, and if this question is to be settled at all she will keep the Greeks as far from Salonica as possible.

If the Greeks are ready to give up Janina, a settlement is possible—in spite of the Albanians. The impression is that they will not fight, although the Greeks in Thessaly and Epirus have roused their hostility, and have failed to do any thing to conciliate them in past years. They have an honest fear of being Hellenized by force, and although they have little sympathy for the Turkish Government, and are constantly quarreling among themselves, they still have a strong national pride, and they may take up arms in good earnest. If they do, it will be a serious matter for Greece.

#### THE PRINCIPALITY OF BULGARIA.

Bulgaria is enjoying a brief period of comparative repose. The Russians have left the country. The prince has assumed the reins of government. The people are busy with their harvest, and, except in certain districts where the disbanded soldiers of the Turkish army have taken to brigandage, there is peace and quiet every-where, and there is no reason to fear any thing more disquieting than the excitement of a general election.

The principality has a great advantage over Eastern Roumelia in that it has secured its independence, and can work out its destiny by itself, without any interference on the part of the Turks or of a European commission; but both prince and people are without experience, and there are no popular leaders who have any practical knowledge of government. The people are jealous of their newly acquired rights, and naturally opinionated and disputatious. The coming

elections will no doubt cause great political excitement, and the new assembly will not be very easily managed, or be likely to win the admiration of Europe by its wisdom. It should be remembered, however, that this lack of experience is the misfortune and not the fault of the Bulgarians, and that Europe has not dealt with them in a way to win their confidence and command their respect. It has left them with a grievance which they can never forget for a moment, which must influence all their political action, and which forces them to maintain intimate relations with Russia, which is not a country where they can learn political wisdom, although it has given them a constitution which is a model of liberality. There was nothing in the Russian administration of the province which was adapted to prepare them for such a constitution, or teach them how to conduct a free and liberal government. Prince and people have to begin every thing for themselves. Indeed, they are probably worse off than they would have been if there had been no civil administration attempted in the province by the Russians. An army of occupation of any country is unfitted for the organization of civil government. This was attempted on a grand scale in the Southern States of America after the civil war, and under exceptionally favorable circumstances; but all these civil governments, established and fostered by military force, were unsatisfactory while they continued, and disappeared when the army was withdrawn. If this was a work which could not be accomplished by the United States, and by an army which was made up chiefly of civilians, it is not strange that, with all possible goodwill, the czar of Russia failed to establish a satisfactory civil administration in Bulgaria. He gave them as good a prince as was to be found in the German market, and as liberal a constitution as any in Europe. He maintained order and protected all classes as long as his soldiers remained in the country. But the whole administration was necessarily Russian in its spirit and methods, and altogether unlike what it ought to be under the new constitution.

The Bulgarians who were trained under it will have to unlearn much that they have learned, and begin anew, or they will fail to satisfy the people. All this is the misfortune rather than the fault of the nation, and it has a right to expect that Europe will be patient and friendly while it gains by experience the wisdom which no nation has ever acquired in any other way.

Prince Alexander is young, and as inexperienced as his people; but those who know him best have confidence in his good sense, and he is said to be not unlike the late Prince Albert in character. He will need all his good qualities to attain success; and if successful, he will certainly deserve to be ranked with the Prince Consort and King Leopold. His work certainly involves more self-denial than either of theirs, and not less tact and good sense. He was no doubt elected through the influence of Russia; but he is no mere creature of the czar, and has no desire to act as a Russian agent. On the contrary, he is heartily in sympathy with the liberal ideas of the West, and anxious to secure the goodwill of England. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Palgrave, the English consul-general, this does not seem to the Bulgarians so hopeless a task as it once did.

The prince was received by his people with the greatest enthusiasm. No sovereign was ever more heartily welcomed, and each stage of his journey was a new triumph. He probably appreciated this all the more from the fact that his visit to Constantinople was made as disagreeable as possible. He was first refused permission to come at all, on the pretense that his life would be in danger. This plea was too absurd to deceive any one; but it might have caused serious difficulty if he had not appealed to the Great Powers, and at the same time manifested a disposition to conciliate the Porte by proposing to limit his stay at Constantinople to a visit of a few hours. He arrived in the Bosphorus in the morning and left in the afternoon. He was received by the sultan, but was told that, owing to the pressure of business, his firman was not ready, and could not be delivered to him. No

Bulgarian was allowed to approach him, and no boat allowed to go out to his steamer. Large bodies of troops were stationed along his route and about the Russian embassy, and he was treated very much like a prisoner of state. It is not easy to understand why this farce was played by the Turks, or what they expected to gain by it. They probably refused the permission in the first place with the intention of treating him as an ordinary Turkish Vali, and sending his firman to be read in public at Tirnova by a Turkish official; but, after the failure of this plan, there was no obvious reason for treating him as they did at Constantinople. Some have supposed that it was intended as a studied insult to the prince, others that it was an elaborate practical joke played upon the Russian embassy, which had at one time suggested that it was unnecessary for the prince to come to Constantinople as other vassal princes had always done. But whatever may have been the motive which prompted this singular treatment, it only served to make the reception of the prince the next day at Varna more impressive, and to give more importance to the wild enthusiasm of his new subjects, who could not have received him with greater joy if he had himself just delivered them from the hated rule of the Turks. He was inaugurated at Tirnova, the ancient capital, and then went at once to Sofia, the new seat of government.

His first difficulty was the choice of a ministry. Two parties had already been developed in the constitutional assembly which adopted the constitution and elected the prince. They grew out of a difference of opinion in regard to religious liberty, freedom of the press, the right of association, with other similar questions, and at once assumed the names, Conservative and Liberal. The Conservative party included the clergy of the Bulgarian Church, and some of the best educated and most enlightened Bulgarians, who felt that too much liberty was a dangerous thing for a people brought so suddenly from bondage to freedom—who feared that the country would be flooded with nihilism, socialism, and other isms. The Liberal party, however,

had a large majority in the assembly, and was led with considerable skill by two or three experienced politicians who were wise enough to avoid extreme measures. When the prince arrived he attempted to form a ministry which should include the leaders of both these parties; but for some reason the majority of those selected were Conservatives, and the Liberals declined to serve with them, so that he has a Conservative ministry, with the probability that the new assembly will have a strong Liberal majority. This is an unfortunate beginning, as the party conflict which is likely to ensue will probably weaken the influence of some of the best men in the nation, who are really Liberal in their views, but who fear that absolute liberty will degenerate into license and sap the foundations of religion and morality. They do not think that the people are ready for "a free Church in a free state." They fail to see that the influence of the Church can only be strengthened by educating the clergy and reviving their spiritual life. The Bulgarians are naturally a religious people; but both while they were under the Greek patriarch and since they have received their independence, their Church has been an essentially political organization. It needs now to be spiritualized. The best men of both parties acknowledge this; but, as in all other countries, there is a difference of opinion as to how far it should be defended and supported by the state.

I have said that this division of parties was an unfortunate beginning for this new state, but after all it is far better that there should be real living questions before the people than that politics should degenerate into a new struggle for office. The very discussion of these questions will tend to educate the people and revive the Church, and it will probably be found that when a new Liberal ministry is formed the responsibilities of office will make it as conservative in most respects as the present government. The prince has the confidence of all the people, and will no doubt accept the result of the coming elections as a constitutional sovereign, and then direct the attention of the people to other questions of the utmost

importance concerning the organization of the various departments of the government. No doubt serious difficulties will be encountered and mistakes will be made, but the spirit of the people is good. They desire good order, peace, and quiet, and they will make every effort to secure it. They merit the sympathy and good-will of all civilized nations, and especially of those who believe in free government and liberal institutions.

#### EASTERN ROUMELIA.

The condition of affairs in Eastern Roumelia is much less hopeful, as the difficulties encountered in the organization of the government are very much greater and more numerous. North of the Balkans they are only such as might be experienced by any new representative government in any civilized country, but in the nondescript province of Roumelia the people are suffering from evils inflicted upon them by the Congress of Berlin. Every thing is unsettled. No one knows who rules the country, or what is the form of government. It seems to be for the interest of certain parties to prolong this state of things and introduce as much disorder as possible. The people are kept in a constant state of excitement, and no one knows what to expect from one day to another. The Congress of Berlin is primarily responsible for this, and no doubt it was for the interest of Austria to keep up a state of anarchy and confusion in European Turkey. It was her plan to absorb the European provinces herself, and the way must be kept open to Salonica, and if possible to Constantinople. It is believed that England went to Berlin with a secret agreement to support these pretensions of Austria, but no one sees exactly how England is to profit by this arrangement. It is certain that no one in Turkey gained any thing by the division of Bulgaria; but the evils which have resulted would have been much less if, in addition to this division, the congress had not devised the extraordinary scheme of giving different forms of government to the two Bulgarias. This plan, of course, insured the permanent discontent of the whole Bulgarian nation; but, worse than

this, it made the impression upon the Turks and Greeks of that province that the arrangement for Eastern Roumelia was only a temporary one, and that by skillful agitation they might overturn it. They have not failed to improve this opportunity. The Phanariote and Roumelian Greeks are doing every thing in their power to create disturbance and cause difficulty in Eastern Roumelia. An unceasing torrent of abuse is poured out upon the Bulgarians by the Greek papers and their French organ, the *Phare du Bosphore*. They are full of false statements and misrepresentations of every kind, and a portion of the Greeks in the province act in full sympathy with these papers. Free Greece does not sympathize with this crusade, and an attempt was made a few weeks since to induce the Greeks here to come to an understanding with the Bulgarian Church by withdrawing the excommunication and arranging for harmonious co-operation. It is understood that the patriarch was in favor of this, but the Greek papers opposed it with a violence which was incomprehensible to the uninitiated. They declared that "the maintenance of the schism was the only hope of Hellenism," and appealed to the Porte to prevent by force a reconciliation "which would inevitably result in the union of Greeks and Bulgarians to drive out the Turks and divide the country between them." This opposition on the part of the Phanariotes prevented the execution of the plan.

The Turks, also, are doing what they can to create disturbance in the province, and find some excuse for occupying it with their army. This was, of course, to be expected, and is in some degree excusable. They naturally wish to regain possession of this rich province, and they feel that they have cause of complaint against the Bulgarians, who do not receive the returning refugees with much cordiality. There are real difficulties on both sides which can not fail to give rise to serious trouble. It is a pity that the whole arrangement could not have been left to a really impartial commission, free to act on principles of equity and common sense. The difficulties are such as these, for exam-

ple. There are many towns where the Bulgarian quarter was burned by the Turks. When the Turks fled and the Bulgarians returned, they occupied the Turkish houses, and they are now naturally disinclined to give them up to the refugees and camp in the fields. Again, there are many cases where the Bulgarians were deprived of their lands in the most iniquitous manner some years ago, under the pretense of a new law in regard to title-deeds. These lands were seized by rich Turks, who fled during the war, but now come back to claim them. The Bulgarians have the original titles and the Turks new ones. To whom do the lands rightly belong?

There are other cases where Turks return who are known to have taken part in the massacres. There has been a general amnesty, but it can hardly be expected that these persons will be well received. These are only a few of the many difficulties connected with the return of the refugees which irritate the Turks and the Bulgarians both; and, in some cases, both parties merit our sympathy.

In addition to these deliberate attempts to make trouble on the part of the Turks, Greeks, and also of some few hot-headed Bulgarians who are foolish enough to suppose that a disturbance might hasten their union with the principality, the confusion in the government is a source of constant trouble. No one knows what the government is. The Porte claims supreme authority, and sends peremptory orders to the pasha. The pasha naturally considers himself the head of the government. The European Commission claims the right to exercise control whenever it sees fit. The consuls assume the right to intrigue or to dictate in the name of their respective governments. The administrative council, a majority of which is Bulgarian, considers itself to be responsible for the administration, and there is a constitution of hundreds of articles which is theoretically the law of the land. A national assembly is soon to be added to the list. The militia have been under the command of a Levantine Frenchman, who was not responsible to the governor, and who does not appear to have had



a single qualification for his office. Happily he has been replaced by a better man.

Having inflicted all this confusion upon Eastern Roumelia, the European Powers are complaining that the people do not know how to govern themselves! Perhaps they do not, but as yet they have had no opportunity to make the experiment. If peace and quiet is ever to be restored to this unhappy province, the government must be simplified and consolidated; it must be left to manage its own affairs, and to make the best it can of the elaborate constitution which Europe has conferred upon it. Alecko Pasha is not a great man, but he was the best man available for his position, and he is a man who is much more likely to throw up his office in disgust at the trouble which it gives him than to lend himself to any scheme for resisting the will of Europe. The Bulgarians, who constitute the majority of the population, are discontented at the arbitrary action which separated them from the Principality, but they are satisfied that they have nothing to gain from any present agitation of this question, and they only desire to be left to govern themselves in accordance with the decision of Europe, and to be assured that they will not be turned over again to the tender mercies of the Turkish government. The fear of this is universal, and it is this fear which keeps them in a state of constant excitement. It is not without reason. A large Turkish army is camped on their borders. The Porte is seeking some excuse for entering the province.

Certain European representatives at Philippopolis are always threatening this, and the people believe that they are intriguing to bring it about. Every thing is in confusion and uncertainty in regard to the government, and nothing seems settled. There can be no peace and quiet in a country which is in constant fear of invasion, and something ought to be done to remove this fear from Eastern Roumelia. The Turkish army should certainly be removed, and the Porte should be warned to let Alecko Pasha alone, and allow him to organize his government as best he can. If this source of fear and irritation were removed the Bulgarians would accept the situation and make the best of it. It would be for their interest to do so, and an industrious, thrifty population is always quick to see what is for its interest.

It is not probable that the European Powers will allow any invasion of the country; but the Turks have always in hand the pretense of sending troops to occupy the Balkans, and this fact to some extent justifies the fears of the Bulgarians. If there were danger of another Russian invasion the Turks would be fully justified in occupying the passes at once, and there is nothing in Eastern Roumelia to prevent or even delay such an occupation; but under present circumstances, when there is nothing to be feared from Russia—when peace and quiet is the thing of all others to be desired—the occupation of the Balkans by the Turks would be a crime.

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### LIFE AND DEATH.

WHY would you have me dwell on death,  
Rehearse the awful parting hour,  
The creeping chill, the ebbing power,  
The gasping for the latest breath?

Why vex a child 'neath noontide sky  
With image of his nightly rest?  
Just now his games, his toys seem best—  
He will be weary by and by.

Just now a hand is linked in mine,  
Just now thought flashes far and free,  
I joy in every thing I see,  
I call this God-made world divine.

Wait, till night fall at his behest;  
Wait, till he hush to sleep through pain;  
Wait, till he show me death is gain,  
And give the wish and power to rest!

## MAROUSSIA: A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF P. J. STAHL.

## CHAPTER IV. A STORY OF THE BRIGANDS.

"I KNOW a little story about some brigands that made me think of it," replied the little girl. "I remembered how the wife of the brigand was saved in the story, and I said to myself, Perhaps we can do the same thing."

"Then as we have a long way to walk to the stable across the steppe, you will tell me the story, will you not?"

"Indeed, I will. But will you go on to Tchiguirine? I can lead you there."

"Certainly," replied the envoy. "But will your father approve of my accepting you as a guide? Will he not be displeased and scold?"

"I am trying to think just what he would do. My father looked at me. I understood him; his eyes said to me, 'To save him you must leave every thing, even us.'"

"Very well then. I put myself into your hands, little one. You shall lead me as you think best, and as we walk along you will tell me the story. Let's set out, Maroussia. I am listening to you already. I like stories about brigands ever so much."

She took his hand and began the ascent of the river-road. After a moment or two, as the child continued silent, he said to her:

"I am all ears, and I have heard nothing yet."

"O," replied she, "I can not begin to tell you the story this very minute."

"And why not, my little girl?"

"We are not far enough from the soldiers. I am listening for them all round. I am a little afraid that we— Oh, I should be so very sorry if we should not succeed."

"We must do just what seems best, happen what may, my little friend. We live by the grace of God and are in his hands, my child."

She raised her head and looked at him with her full dark eyes, and even by the uncertain light of the stars she saw in his face

such confidence and courage as completely reassured her.

"Do not make me wait so long, Maroussia. I see you do not know how much I love stories."

Maroussia began, "There was once upon a time a Cossack who married his daughter to a fine, handsome young man."

"That's well done. Your story commences very well, if the husband was a brave fellow."

Maroussia shook her head from side to side instead of replying, and continued:

"The young girl had not much love for her betrothed. He was handsome, but there was something about his eyes which showed that he was not good. However, as her father was so anxious for the marriage she obeyed him. As soon as they were married the husband took his young wife to his own house away off; O, so far away."

"Poor girl," said the envoy. "Then she must have pined away for her father and mother."

"The husband's house was very beautiful; it was indeed superb—something like a chateau or a palace—but a sad place. It was built in a forest so thick and so dark that you could scarcely even see the sky through the branches of the great tufted trees. There was not a road, nor even a by-path, only the same look all around through the forest. The husband stayed at home, very little with his wife. Embracing her affectionately he would say, 'I shall be back soon, my dear wife.' Then he would set out with his companions, and they would stay away sometimes two, three and even ten days at a time."

"That was very bad," said the envoy.

"When he came back he talked a good deal more with his comrades than with his wife. He gave her all kinds of jewels and ornaments, it is true; but this did not

satisfy the young wife. She felt very unhappy and by degrees fell into a deep melancholy. She said to herself, 'Since life is so sad, I am willing to die. Yes, for that is the end. The proverb is true, Sorrow returns often, but death comes only once.' One day when she had been left all alone in the great gloomy chateau, and when, in spite of the dark thoughts which possessed her, she felt full of life and strength, she said to herself, 'Why should I sit still here waiting for death without any thing to rouse or interest me? I will walk. I shall be just as likely to find some relief from my troubles in the grounds and flower garden as in the corner of this apartment.' And she ran out into the parterre, which made a little circle of flowers around the chateau between the great stone walls and the vast forest beyond. All was green and flourishing in the parterre. 'Die!' thought she, as she looked at the beautiful flowers, 'that does not seem to be the best thing just now. Ah, if I were but happy, I should love to live.'

"Then she wept; but in the midst of her tears she gathered a charming bouquet of lilies of the valley and wild rose buds, and it looked so beautiful, so gay, she said, as if talking to the flowers, 'O, where shall I put thee, my poor bouquet? my own grand chamber is so desolate, thou couldst only wither and die there? Then there came to her a new idea. 'I shall visit all other apartments of the chateau; perhaps amongst so many I may find a small one that will please me.' No sooner said than done; she went from one apartment to another; all were large, richly furnished and as beautiful as one could wish, but quite disagreeable. 'Not this one, no, and not this one will suit me,' she thought as she passed from one to another—"

Here the envoy put his hand upon the mouth of the little girl—"Wait a moment," said he, in a low voice.

"Did you think you heard something?" said the child.

The envoy bent quite low and held his ear close to the ground. When he arose—"The detachment has quitted your father's house," said he. "The soldiers have gone away in a gallop toward the left. If

they had carried away prisoners they would not ride so rapidly, Maroussia. I believe your father's house is once more safe and quiet."

"Thanks be to God," said the child.

Then they walked for some time in perfect silence, both occupied with their own thoughts. It was the envoy who broke the silence:

"The young wife went from one chamber to another without finding one to suit her fancy, and she said 'no, I will seek further.'"

"Yes," said Maroussia, "that is just what she said. Suddenly she saw before her a door unlike the others, very narrow, but firm and strong and bolted, which had a very singular look. 'Ah,' said she to herself, 'it is the room behind this little door that will suit me I am sure.' Then she tried to open it, but the door remained firm, and the more it resisted the stronger was her desire to open it."

"Ah, yes," said the tall friend, "I see; that is just like all young women."

"What did you say?" replied the astonished little girl.

"I said that all young women wanted to know what was behind a closed door."

"And would not men feel so too?" said the girl.

"Generally they are more reasonable under such circumstances."

"More reasonable?" replied Maroussia with a puzzled air. "Then reasonable means that they do not desire a thing enough to accomplish it?"

"Do you know, my little girl, that you have said a very sensible thing?" said the envoy laughing. "However, it would be wiser to say that it is more reasonable not to have too great a desire for any thing. But go on with your story, Maroussia. Did the poor young woman end by opening the door?"

"Yes," replied the little girl; "she occupied the greater part of the day in cutting away the door, and by long clipping she succeeded in forcing back the lock, and entered the mysterious room. At first she thought she was in a box, it was all so dark. Satisfied with having succeeded in gaining

an entrance she could not resist, as her foot crossed the threshold, uttering an exclamation of satisfaction; but when from the four corners of the dark chamber her 'Ah,' reverberated again and again, she was greatly astonished, but not so frightened as one might suppose, for she concluded after a moment's reflection that the room had a peculiar echo simply from the fact of its being very small and entirely unfurnished. Indeed, as her eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, she saw that she was right in her conclusion, and that because of the emptiness of the room the echo resounded from wall to wall. She groped her way around the walls, but her fingers could discover neither door nor windows. The four walls were perfectly smooth every-where. Much discouraged she was about turning back when suddenly to the right of the little door by which she had entered, her hand struck against a table, upon which she found a lantern and every thing necessary to light it; but the lantern showed no other means of exit from the room. Nevertheless she persisted, saying to herself, 'This box-like room is not all; it must conduct to some other place; there is doubtless a concealed passage. I shall not go out till I have found it.'

"That was very obstinate in her," said the envoy.

"O no, what would you have her do? she was impelled to it, she had an idea. Perhaps she said to herself, 'When my husband returns he will find fault with my curiosity.' But all the same she continued her search."

"Long live feminine perseverance," said the envoy, who followed the recital of Maroussia with great interest.

"She walked carefully round the room many times, and at last her foot struck against an iron ring. She brought the lantern close to the floor, and discovered a trap-door. It seemed to her that never in her life had she been so rejoiced. The door was very heavy for her; but when one wishes to do a thing very much you know one always finds some way to accomplish it. She almost broke her ten fingers, but at last

succeeded in raising the door. Then she saw steps as straight as a ladder, which led into a great dark hole. She had started, and could not stop. 'No matter,' said she; 'though it does look very terrible, I will go down,' and immediately she descended the steep ladder."

"She was certainly very brave," said the envoy.

"She expected to see something wonderful; but what she did see was more horrible than any thing she had ever dreamed of."

"O my, what could it have been?" said the envoy.

"Why, this cellar was covered, almost filled, with axes, swords, poniards, pikes, lances, terrible knives, and clubs, and besides splendid clothes covered with blood, necklaces of pearl, ornaments glittering with diamonds, jewelry set with rubies, emeralds, turquoises, sapphires, besides richly embroidered cloth. All these were thrown together in confusion, and every-where there were traces of blood.

"She was still doubtful as to what all this meant, when her eye was attracted by something white as snow hanging loosely from a piece of black velvet. She hardly dared believe her eyes. It was a white hand—white as a hand of marble cut off from the arm. It was a lovely, graceful woman's hand covered with precious rings. She could no longer doubt, but said to herself as she trembled and shivered with horror, 'My husband is the chief of a band of brigands. Our chateau is worse than a robber's cave;' and the thought was terrible to her."

Maroussia was silent for a moment. Her little hand was icy cold, even in the great warm hand of her brave companion. The envoy perceived this. The history was too exciting, and he reproached himself for allowing the poor little guide to relate it.

They walked on in silence for a while. The lilies and rushes on the border of the water rustled slightly, for the breeze was scarcely sufficient to agitate them. "Stop a little in your story," said the envoy. "It might make you ill to go on to the end, especially if it is still more terrible."



"Yes, more terrible, perhaps; but that does n't matter. It's from the end that you will understand my idea," and feeling a good deal strengthened, Maroussia continued:

"The young wife thought a great deal about what she had just discovered, and she asked God to help her and teach her what to do. She must get away as soon as possible from the dreadful cave. So she ascended the stairs, closed the trap-door carefully, put the lantern just where she had found it, shut the door behind her as closely as possible, and more dead than alive sought her own room. She was a hundred times more unhappy since her discovery. Yet she did not wish to die; she only thought of saving herself. But how was she to do that?"

Here Maroussia started and trembled. She heard a noise as if some one or something had fallen or been thrown into the river.

"Do n't be frightened," said the envoy; "it is only an animal, an otter, perhaps, that wants to get across the water; perhaps a big fish, who has thrown himself into the water from some place higher than ordinary."

"Yes, yes," said Maroussia, "that's all, I reckon," and immediately went on with her story.

"What am I to do?" said the poor young lady. The vast, interminable forest surrounded her on every side. There seemed to be no opening anywhere. She might wander through it at the risk of tearing her poor flesh against the thorns and thick undergrowth; but even then could she tell where she was going? It is so easy to be lost in a great forest. Perhaps, after wandering about all day she would find herself at the same point from which she started, and in the presence of her angry husband. 'What shall I do? what shall I do?' she kept repeating to herself. 'If I perish on the road,' said she at last, 'I must leave this place, and I will do it.'

"That's what I call true courage," said the envoy. In spite of the grave preoccupation which almost absorbed him, this true man was very attentive to the recital of his little companion as they walked along their perilous road.

Maroussia perceived this by his timely comments, and it pleased her. She said to herself, "This interests and diverts him." She would willingly have abridged the story; but, she thought, perhaps the envoy would not then comprehend it quite so well, and, besides, they had plenty of time, he to listen and she to tell her story, for the cabin of the steppe and the stable of the big oxen were some distance off. The child resumed:

"The poor lady descended again to the parterre. She examined the net-work of trees—this green wall which surrounded and barricaded the chateau. The trees were so close one to another, and they rose so high, so high that she could scarcely see the top-most branches even when she leaned far, far back. 'Nevertheless,' thought she, 'when one wishes to find one's way out of a place, a road is the first thing that must be looked for,' and then she turned to the right. But she had gone only a few steps when she heard the sound of horses' feet pawing the ground. She stopped, holding her breath, and, concealed by the trunk of a large tree, listened attentively. She could not be deceived; it was certainly the noise made by a troop of horsemen riding cautiously over difficult ground. 'Shall I stand still or advance?' thought she. She had repeated this question twenty times to herself, when she saw the pale face of her husband emerging from the undergrowth, which he put aside with his hands. His usual companions followed him, and they had the appearance of coming out as if by magic from the green foliage, for there was no trace of a road through it. She had only just time to conceal herself in the thicket, and from her hiding-place could see her husband distinctly. He had gotten down from his horse, and was walking very slowly. 'What dark, heavy thoughts can cause him thus to walk with slow step and downcast eyes? If it were any other man,' said she to herself, 'looking as he does at this moment, he would have my sincerest pity. As for his companions, how ferocious they look! What frightful figures they wear!'

"Her husband passed very close without suspecting her presence. The others also,

without looking to the right or left. She saw with horror that several of them had traces of blood upon their garments. Very soon she heard the voice of her husband calling her. The moment had not yet come when she might fly from him forever. She came out bravely from the thicket, and advanced toward him.

"'You are very pale,' said he to her; 'it seems to me you tremble. You will take cold under these trees. Do n't venture here again.' Then drawing from his pocket a small box, he said, 'See here, I thought of you while away,' and he presented her with a ring which sparkled like the sun itself. 'Would n't you like to have that?' She took, if we might so express it, her heart in both her hands to prevent her refusing the offered gift, and asked him where he found a jewel of such rare magnificence. 'If my question embarrasses him,' she thought, 'if I see a trace of trouble on his face, it will be a proof that he is not altogether hardened.' But he replied quite gayly, 'I secured it in the chase, my love.'

"'In the chase?' said she. At the same time she thought, 'I am determined to go to the bottom of this. I am determined to know, and from himself, what hope I may have for the future. Then she added, 'A chase for jewels? Surely, that is a new kind of sport, and of which I never heard save from yourself. In all my life I never heard of such a singular game.'

"'Not so strange as you think,' said he, 'but unquestionably very fatiguing. So wearying, indeed, that after it is over the bravest, the most intrepid need repose, and that is my case at this moment, my dear. So, with your permission, I and my men will at once seek this much needed rest, for I am dying for sleep. After a few days, if you are very good, I will take you with me upon one of these excursions, and I hope you will find it very pleasant.' Saying this, he left her, laughing—a laugh that made her heart sink—and went to his rooms in the wing of the old building, which he and his companions in crime occupied.

A few moments afterwards she was the only one awake in the great chateau. When

she had assured herself of this she said, 'Now is the time to save myself.'

At this moment the envoy felt the hand of little Maroussia tremble violently in his own.

"What is the matter?" said he to her.

The child put her finger to her lips to indicate silence, and showed him two green eyes shining in a large bush on the other side of the pathway. The envoy had a stout oak club in his hand; so he went straight toward the bush.

"Take care," said the little girl. But the envoy had already struck at the bush. She heard a singular noise—the noise of the wings of an immense bird of prey, which, disturbed in his retreat, flew heavily past them, uttering a dismal cry.

"Is that a bad sign?" said Maroussia.

"No, it is not a bad sign," said her big, brave friend, giving her a little tap upon the cheek.

Maroussia at once continued her story:

"To recover her strength the poor lady sat down at the foot of a moss-covered rock, which seemed to be held firmly between the great roots of a giant tree. She was very light, but so quickly did the rock turn under her weight that she instantly fell backwards."

"Good," said the envoy; "she has found the bandits' pass-way."

"Yes, it was the pass-way—their mysterious door. She was so astonished by her fall that she lay still a few minutes without daring to move. Where was she? Above her head and all around her, in the form of a vault, was a dark, green gallery, into which the light filtered like microscopic stars, and the rays entered in penciled beams, and here and there tiny points of the blue sky were visible. Recovering from her surprise, she arose, marking with a peculiar white stone the place of invisible entrance, and had the wisdom to retire to the chateau to assure herself of what her husband and his comrades were doing.

"They all slept profoundly, as is the case with those who have made unusual exertions. Upon tiptoe she went from door to door, without noise drawing the bolts and closing all the blinds.

"This was a good precaution; and then she took another, which was no less so. Quickly changing her customary white apparel for a black dress, she promptly walked with an apparent calmness to the spot marked by her white stone. When she had found it, she said, 'O God,' and heaved a deep sigh. But she had no time for sighs. She leaned against the rock, as at the first time, and was thrown to the ground as before. This high stone door, which resembled a rock, was arranged so as to close of itself. She was at once on her feet and standing under the gallery. She started to walk, and soon began to run. At the end of half an hour she found herself at a point where more than three roads met, all leading in different directions. Which one should she take? This was very embarrassing."

"It certainly was," said the envoy.

"She took a few steps in one and then in another, following them a little way as if to try which was the best. It was so important that she should not be deceived, and the misfortune was they were all so alike it was very difficult to prefer one to another. However, at the entrance of one she saw something white, and, running toward it, she found a small, very fine handkerchief, beautifully embroidered in each corner.

"I hear something following us," said Maroussia, interrupting her recital. The envoy heard it also. He turned around and took Maroussia by the arm; and putting her behind him, stood with his stick raised. "Ah," said she, "it is—it is a great big dog." The envoy made a bound so suddenly that the child could not understand it, and with one stroke of his stick felled the animal that had taken them by surprise. What was passing between the beast and the man? The envoy knelt upon the ground. In an instant afterward he arose, and the animal lay without life at his feet.

"It is a wolf," said he quietly to the child, "and he must have been very hungry to have followed us for his prey."

Maroussia looked at the dead wolf, then at her brave friend and said:

"You are not afraid of any thing."

"O yes," said the envoy; "I am very

much afraid of every thing that interrupts your story. The wife of the bandit had found the handkerchief—"

"Yes," said Maroussia, "and the sight of this fine handkerchief, that could never have belonged to a man, set her to thinking.

"'They must have gone over this road, this very morning,' said she; 'and if that was the case they would probably have nothing more to tempt them, and that makes it best for me to choose this one.' But before going farther, a good idea struck her to untie a pretty red ribbon fastened at her throat, and tie it to a branch which hung across the path opposed to the one she was about to take, in such a way that it could be seen at a great distance. 'They will see that bright ribbon, and start in my pursuit by the road I have not taken.' That was not a bad device for their deception, was it?"

"No; that was very ingenious," said the envoy.

"Content with having thought of that, she darted like a hind along the road where she had found the embroidered handkerchief. She ran almost the whole day. Evening came, and the obscurity was so complete that she could no longer discern what was above her head—whether it was a vault of rocks or a dome of foliage. 'I must walk on and on all the time,' said she when weariness overcame her. 'God, who has led me thus far, will not desert me, I am sure.' Suddenly she was brought to a full stop. The road here made a sudden detour, and she came in violent contact with some obstruction; but instead of complaining of what had befallen her, she was ready in her surprise to utter a cry of joy. All the stars of heaven were shining brightly above her head. Neither an arch of stone nor of dark interlaced trees hung above her; she was in a wide, open clearing."

"Ah! so much the better. That relieves me for her," said the envoy.

Maroussia by way of reply only shook her head, and held to his hand more tightly.

"Unhappily the poor wife of the chief of the bandits had not a long time to rejoice, for she at once heard voices, cries, and the noise of horses at a full gallop. What could

she do now? where could she find refuge? how might she become invisible? By re-entering the forest glade? Never. She could not take one step in return to the chateau. There was in this clearing one large oak with thick, heavy branches reaching nearly to the ground. In the twinkling of an eye, from branch to branch, like a frightened linnet she climbed almost to the top. She did well not to lose a moment, for in one instant after the whole troop of bandits rode forth from several sides at once; for all these avenues opened into the same clearing.

"Well?" cried the familiar voice of one of the cavaliers who had just arrived.

"Nothing," replied one of them; 'I have found only this,' and he showed them the bit of red ribbon.

"The chief did not care for the ribbon. Did he even know what color his wife wore? Ah, he was too indifferent for that.

"I have seen no one," replied another.

"No trace of her," said a third.

"And thus answered the whole company.

"Let us search longer still," replied the husband. 'Dead or alive we must find her again. Come, set out, our salvation depends upon it.'

"Scarcely had he finished the sentence when some object caught his eye. Bounding quickly from his horse he stooped down and picked up something, which he examined attentively.

"A handkerchief," cried one of the others. 'A woman's handkerchief. The one we are looking for can not be far away.'"

"Oh, how unfortunate," said the envoy, "that she should have found the handkerchief and lost it again."

"The grass was very high and thick; so they all set to work to beat about them; some with hands and feet, and others with swords and pikes, others trampling the bushes under their horses' feet, or hacking them with their small axes to assure themselves that the fugitive had not there sought retreat. But they found nothing at all.

"In the meantime the husband, looking about on every side, discovered the oak tree. 'The foliage of that tree is very thick,' said he; 'but women are like birds. Who knows

if my wife may not be among its branches?' He took a lance from one of his men, and, climbing to the lower branches, he was compelled to hold on with one hand, whilst with the other he thrust his lance in among the higher branches."

"Poor woman," said the envoy, "what will she do?"

"How fortunate it was that she had put on her black dress. Thanks to this color of the night her husband could not see her. He pierced the thick foliage with his lance, groping about in the dark by chance and again selecting the thickest portions of the growth. Terrified, mute, immovable, holding to the smaller branches for support, she commended her soul to God, praying him to make her body invisible. Three times the cold iron pierced her flesh, but she did not stir. She was very brave; she uttered no cry, not even an exclamation of pain."

"That is heart-rending," said the envoy.

"Your story is heart-rending, Maroussia. Oh, the poor woman!"

Maroussia quite absorbed in her story continued;

"The lieutenant of the band seeing that his search was useless, said to the captain, 'We are losing time in this clearing and giving all the advantage to the one we are looking for. The village is near and the city is not far away. At this rate she will get there before us; no doubt she has already arrived.'"

"The thought that his wife, entirely mistress of his secret, might escape him, and that his mode of life would be known, brought a terrible cursing from the captain. 'To horse, to horse,' cried he. 'We will search to the ends of the earth.' Thus encouraged they set off again at a furious rate. It was time. The poor woman could no longer hold on to the tree. The next moment she fell upon the grass at the foot of the tree, almost at the risk of life."

At this moment Maroussia took a step backwards. "Did you hear that?" said she.

"It was only the report of a gun," said the envoy. "That is the third time that I have heard it since we have been walking. Do not let it trouble you, it is before us and a great way off. In times like these a single



gun or many together may be heard anywhere. It is not in our direction they are shooting, nor toward the house of your father."

"Are you right sure?" said the child.

"Very sure. If we hear any more shooting do not be afraid, we must expect noises about us; and now return to your story."

"The poor woman was on the ground, and I do n't know how many hours she stayed there, almost exhausted. When she came to herself the night was not quite so dark. Indeed, a faint streak of the early dawn had already appeared on the horizon. The birds began to sing, and the grass, wet with the dew, seemed as if thickly strewn with bright glistening pearls. She still had strength enough to staunch the blood which flowed from her wounds, tearing her fine white skirt in pieces to make bandages. Would she be able to walk? She had lost so much strength, but walk she must, though it would be with great pain, for her arms and side were wounded by the cruel lance. She boldly made the attempt, and little by little her strength returned."

"I like that brave little woman," said the envoy.

"Very soon she saw that she was on a great highway, and this gave her courage. But in spite of her courage she could not have gone very far, and felt herself growing weaker, when to her great delight she heard the noise of wheels. An enormous wagon loaded heavily with hay advanced slowly, drawn by two strong oxen with great twisted horns. By the side of the wagon walked an old man, carelessly singing a war song. Hastening her steps she soon overtook the driver. 'Oh, save me,' said she to the old man. 'Have pity on me, for I have not strength to walk to the village.' At the same time she heard in the distance the cries of the brigands returning from their unsuccessful chase. Daybreak doubtless forced them to return, for such as they could not travel in open daylight. 'I am lost,' said she, 'if discovered by those men who are coming, and my husband is their chief.'

"Conceal yourself in the hay," said he to her, 'and be as quiet as you can, quick!'

"A good, brave old man," said the envoy.

"Immediately she hid herself under the hay, and lay without moving a muscle. In a very little while the brigands had come up to the wagon, which rolled heavily and slowly on its way.

"'Halloo, there,' cried the chief to the old man, who walked beside his oxen, quietly smoking his pipe; 'have you met on your route a young woman who seemed to be running away?'

"'A young woman?' repeated the old man striking his forehead, as if trying to collect his thoughts.

"'Yes, a young woman.'

"'Stop a minute, a young woman?'

"'Will you answer my question?'

"'Why not?'

"'Answer me then.'

"'I have n't seen any young woman.'

"'Are you sure of that? She must have taken the same road you've come over.'

"'Ah! you may know that. I can't say. I have n't seen any body. I can't see so well these last two years as I used to. You can't expect a man's good sight to last forever.'

"'This man looks like a cunning fox,' said the lieutenant; 'he's mocking us.'

"'Do you know whom you are dealing with?' said the chief to the old man.

"'How should I know,' replied the wagoner. 'I guess it is the first time we ever talked together. Besides, whoever you are, grand lords or brigands, what can that matter to an old man like me, who has scarcely a copeck to cross himself?'

"'You have your life,' said the lieutenant.

"'My life,' rejoined the peasant. 'Yes, I make my living by my head; but I can't say it's so very agreeable to live as hardly as I do.'

"'Well, we'll leave you your life, old man; but I think we'll take your hay.'

"'This is not my hay. When one says that he has n't any thing in the world, he can't mean that he has a mountain of hay like that to put in his pocket. If you want to steal it, may be you can; but you'll have to give me a little scratch of the skin first. If I go back without any money and with-

out the hay, the master, who is n't any too good natured, will say I've sold the hay and spent the money for drink. I guess I might as well be beat by you as by him.'

"'You old fool,' replied the lieutenant, who could scarcely restrain a smile, 'we don't want any more hay than a feed for our horses.'

"'O, very willingly,' said the old man; 'but let me serve you myself. I can take off just such bunches as will make the load look as if it had n't been touched, and, you see, if I can make it look all right, I can get the same price for it, perhaps.'

"The old man was wrong to tell a falsehood," said Maroussia, "but I guess he was puzzled and a little scared.

"'There, have you got enough?' said he after lifting off very cautiously a dozen bunches of hay from his wagon. 'There, I can't take much more, or my skin will have to pay for it. If the master does not count his bundles of hay, this will pass.'

"The lieutenant made a sign with his head to indicate they had enough, and the captain then addressed himself to the peasant:

"'You can go on now; but I have two pieces of advice to give you. The first is, do n't turn your head to see what's passing behind you, and the second, do n't tell any body about this adventure.'

"'Yes, yes, I know how to keep a secret,' replied the peasant with the most innocent face. 'I shall follow your advice,' and he touched his oxen as a signal for starting.

"At the end of ten minutes they could barely hear the galloping horses of the robbers. The sound grew fainter and fainter, and presently all was silent.

"'They have entered the wood,' said the old man, as if talking to himself; 'but that is no reason why we should sing for joy yet awhile.' The advice was good, and she followed it.

"The young woman buried in the hay did not move, scarcely daring to breathe, till she was once again on safe ground. A half hour later the village—indeed, it was a pretty little town—was seen, and soon after the wagon rolled slowly along the principal

street as if nothing had happened, and they entered the wide open gate of a court-yard.

"'Come,' said the old man; 'God be thanked, that was well done.'

"And this was the way that the wife of the captain of brigands was saved at last. They took her to a charitable asylum, where every body was well cared for, and there she remained till her father, already apprised of the miserable marriage he had made for his daughter, came and took her to his home.

"They encircled the forest, thus hoping to take the brigands in their hiding-place; but they were too late. The chateau was abandoned when the magistrate arrived. Feeling the danger of being discovered, they dared not remain there a day longer."

"So much the worse," said the envoy; "but the poor woman was saved, and that's the principal thing. My faith, your story is a very interesting one, and you were very right to give it to me in detail. A good story makes a short journey."

"I told you that," said Maroussia, "because I thought it would be of use to us."

"Yes, yes, my child, I understand that, and we understand each other."

#### CHAPTER V.

It was still night, but the morning breeze had sprung up, and from a distant convent they could distinctly hear the matin hymn. The rushes on the river bank were full of singing birds, and the water, which had flowed so smoothly up to this point, here encountered rocky barriers, over which it tumbled, foaming and boiling and forming beautiful cascades, and was finally precipitated into a kind of gulf.

"Now we must turn to the left," said Maroussia.

Two minutes after, they entered the steppe. Up to this time they had walked along the bank of the river, shaded almost the whole way by the trees. Maroussia and the envoy, although they felt pressed for time, stopped involuntarily, and took in a full breath of the sweet, revivifying air of the plain.

"Look off to this side," said Maroussia. "The dark object you see away down there is the stable of which I was telling you.

Now we must turn again to the left. The oxen are there."

"Let us keep to the left, then," said the envoy.

The steppe rolled away before them as boundless as the ocean. Only great stacks of fresh hay were in sight. The envoy climbed upon one of these to scan the horizon.

"Do n't stand up," cried Maroussia to him. "You are too tall. You can be seen from a great distance, like a tower clock."

Every thing looked quiet. The envoy made a sign to Maroussia to climb up beside him, and he wanted to assist her; but this was unnecessary, for she sprang to the top of the stack in an instant.

"You have wings," said the envoy.

"Father calls me his little squirrel," replied the child with a touch of pride. Then she looked around, but only in one direction—toward the house of her parents.

"Look down there," she said. "You look for me; my eyes can not see well at this moment—but it seems to me all is quiet there."

"O yes, yes," said the envoy, "every thing seems to say, 'Be calm—all is right.'"

"They are asleep, all those I love so well, after having prayed for us, too, I am sure. Let us pray for them," and the tearful eyes of the child were raised to heaven in a prayer to God.

"Happy father, happy mother, to possess such a child!"

Calmer and stronger they descended from the stack. They took a few steps, and came to a quick-set hedge, which surrounded a little valley.

"This is the place," said Maroussia. "Now help me to raise the bar of the door. There are the oxen. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see them, and they are magnificent."

The two oxen lay in the high grass as still and immovable as the mountains. Maroussia caressed with her little hands the great horned heads. A soft low of welcome replied to the caress of the little girl.

"Hush, hush," said Maroussia; "you must follow me quite softly. Quick, now!"

One would have thought that the oxen understood thoroughly the words of their little mistress, for they got up without any noise and followed her cautiously. The wagon filled with hay was not far off.

"Now let us yoke them," said the child, when they approached. The wagon was soon in readiness. "Make haste," said Maroussia. "Why do you look at me in that way?"

"Because you are so small, Maroussia, so very small. One might easily take you for a little meadow-lark made only to fly and sing across the steppe instead of one able to manage great affairs."

The envoy was right. This little girl did look very tiny and delicate in the midst of this vast extent of verdure, and beside those enormous oxen and the big wagon, as she looked so earnestly in the face of the giant Setch.

"O, I wish I was big," said the little girl; "here is mamma's handkerchief; I am going to put it over my head like the old women wear them, and then they will not think I am so young. Look, is not that better?" Her great brown eyes looked out at him from under the dark handkerchief, which entirely covered her blonde head and rosy shoulders.

The envoy could but regard her tenderly, and with a smile. For a moment he neither wished to speak nor could he have found voice for a word. When at last he was able to reply his voice was quite soft—so gentle, indeed, that it scarcely seemed like his own. "You know the road well, Maroussia?" he said.

"O, I know the road very well. We must keep to the right till we reach the lake. When we reach the lake we will turn again to the right, and then we will soon see the roof of Master Knich's house, and once there we will find no difficulty in reaching Tchiguirine. I remember well when I heard Knich say to my father, 'Even a simpleton could keep that road.'"

"Do you know this Knich?"

"O yes, he comes very often to our house."

"And he will make us welcome?"

"I don't know much about that, but I think so."

"Suppose he should receive us ill?"

"But he would never betray us, I am sure of that; he is a friend. O no, my father's friend could never be a traitor."

"Do you know, Maroussia, that the country is full of strangers?" said the envoy, looking steadily into the face of the little child. "Do you know that we may meet soldiers, rough, heartless men, who are our enemies and will be armed with swords and guns? do you know that blood is flowing every-where—do you know that?"

"Yes, I know all that," said Maroussia.

"Wicked eyes are acting as spies upon us. They will ask questions, every one of which will contain a trap, and if you reply awkwardly, if you allow a gesture to escape you, a word or a blush of confusion, if you tremble ever so little, all is lost. Do you know all this?"

"O, I'll not reply awkwardly. I shall say what is right and I am not a bit afraid."

"It may be, little one, that we are going into death itself."

"No, no," said Maroussia, "we shall not die till afterwards. You must reach Tehiguirine first. When once you are at Tehiguirine I can die if it be necessary. Then I shall not be afraid to die. But you must first be at Tehiguirine. O yes—"

The envoy said nothing, but he took the child in his arms and pressed her gently to his heart, calling her very tenderly his "darling child."

"Maroussia," said he, after a moment's silence, "we will be very sure to have some ugly encounters. The soldiers will stop you and question you. If they approach the wagon with the intention to search it, you must be very calm. You must not look

like a frightened partridge which sees some one approaching the nest she had so carefully hidden away. You understand me?"

"Yes, I understand. I must be—I must be—like you. Yes, I will be so."

"If any one asks you where you are going, you must say that you are taking this wagon of hay to the country house of Knich, who has just bought it from your father. Do you understand?"

"Yes, that is all right."

"If we arrive safe and sound at his house Knich will come out upon his door-step to receive us, surely. Then you must say to him, 'What beautiful grain you have in your field? I have been admiring it as I passed, it is still very green; but I think it would be best for you to use it before it is quite ripe.' That is a very long sentence, my little girl, do you think you can remember all the words just as I have said them?"

"Yes," replied Maroussia; "listen, I will repeat them." Then she repeated the sentence word for word.

"You are a little treasure," said the envoy. "Now let's make haste."

He climbed up on the wagon, made a great hole in the hay, and concealed himself securely.

Maroussia stepped into the place usually occupied by the driver, encouraged the oxen with her childish voice, though at first it trembled a little, and the heavy wagon shook and groaned as it moved slowly away.

The day was just beginning to dawn, faintly touching with roseate hue the eastern horizon. The morning breeze was refreshing and the drops of dew sparkled in the green grass with an almost dazzling luster.



"OLD MORTALITY."

EVERY one who has heard of the Scottish Covenanters knows who "Old Mortality" is. Even those who know little about the history of the Kirk of Scotland, or of its heroes and martyrs, are familiar with this name through the pages of Sir Walter Scott. In the opening chapter of his historical romance he introduces the strange personage who gives the title to his tale:

"One Summer evening as I approached a deserted and lonely burying-ground, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude—the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was on this occasion distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a marchdike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favorite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary. As I approached I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening with his chisel the letters of the inscription, which, announcing in Scriptural language the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the gray hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large, old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called *hoddin-gray*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hobnails, and *gramoches* or *leggins*, made of thick, black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes,

indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of a bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and any thing else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognizing a religious itinerant, whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of 'Old Mortality.'

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me, except very generally. According to the belief of most people he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favorite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to

which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, 'Old Mortality' was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the gray stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors and martyrs of the Church.

"In all his wanderings the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few, for wherever he went he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged by repairing the grave-stones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black cock with the chink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired from his converse among the dead the popular appellation of 'Old Mortality.'"

The first edition of the story appeared in 1816. In the Introduction to a subsequent edition some authentic details are added to the traditional account of "Old Mortality." His name was Robert Paterson, son of Walter Paterson and Margaret Scott, who occupied a farm of Haggishia, in the parish of Hawick, during nearly the first half of the eighteenth century. Here Robert was born, in the year 1715. When the Highlanders were returning from England on their route to Glasgow, in the year 1745-6, they plundered Mr. Paterson's house at Gatelowbrigg, and carried him a prisoner as far as Glenbuck, merely because he said to one of the

straggling army that their retreat might have been easily foreseen, as the strong arm of the Lord was evidently raised, not only against the cruel and wicked house of Stuart, but against all who attempted to support the heresies of the Church of Rome. From this circumstance it appears that "Old Mortality" had, even at that early period of his life, imbibed the religious enthusiasm by which he afterward became so much distinguished.

The religious sect called Hill-men or Cameronians was at that time much noted for austerity and devotion, in imitation of Cameron, their founder, of whose tenets "Old Mortality" became a most strenuous supporter. He made frequent journeys into Galloway to attend their conventicles, and occasionally carried with him grave-stones from his quarry at Gatelowbrigg, to keep in remembrance the righteous whose dust had been gathered to their fathers. As his enthusiasm increased his journeys into Galloway became more frequent, and he gradually neglected even the common prudential duty of providing for his offspring. From about the year 1758 he neglected wholly to return from Galloway to his wife and five children at Gatelowbrigg, which induced her to send her eldest son Walter, then only twelve years of age, to Galloway in search of his father. After traversing nearly the whole of that extensive district, from the Nick of Bennecorie to the Fell of Barullion, he found him at last working on the Cameronian monuments in the old kirkyard of Kirkchrist, on the west side of the Dee, opposite the town of Kirkcudbright. The little wanderer used all the influence in his power to induce his father to return to his family; but in vain. Mrs. Paterson sent even some of her female children into Galloway in search of their father for the same purpose of persuading him to return home; but without any success. At last, in the Summer of 1768, she removed to the little upland village of Balmaclellan, in the Glenkens of Galloway, where, upon the small pittance derived from keeping a little school, she supported her numerous family in a respectable manner.

There are few church-yards in Ayrshire, Galloway, or Dumfriesshire, where the work of his chisel is not yet to be seen. It is easily distinguished from the work of any other artist by the primitive rudeness of the emblems of death, and of the inscriptions which adorn the ill-formed blocks of his erection. This task of repairing and erecting grave-stones, practiced without fee or reward, was the only ostensible employment of this singular person for upward of forty years. He died at Bankhill, near Lockerbie in

Dumfriesshire, on February 14, 1801, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

"Old Mortality" had three sons, Robert, Walter, and John. The former, as has been already mentioned, lives in the village of Balmaclellan in comfortable circumstances, and is much respected by his neighbors. Walter died several years ago, leaving behind him a family now respectably situated in this point. John went to America in 1776, and, after various turns of fortune, settled at Baltimore.

## FALLEN IDOLS.

### A MYTH OF THE FALSE GOSPELS.

It is stated in one of those spurious Gospels, in which the love of the early Church strove to supply the hiatus left by inspiration in the history of the child Jesus, that during the flight into Egypt, in every temple by which the fugitives passed, the idols tottered on their pedestals, and then fell in shattered fragments at their bases.

ONLY an infant fair  
 Clinging in weakness to His mother's breast,  
 And in that presence rare  
 Smiling in conscious plenitude of rest;  
 Only an exile's child  
 By a bad monarch's persecution driven  
 Forth to the desert wild,  
 From home's dear shelter to the vault of heaven!

No herald pomp attends,  
 No angel cohorts chain the ravished sight,  
 No star its radiance lends  
 To lead the wanderers through the murky night;  
 Only a dream-warned pair,  
 Simply obedient to God's angel call,  
 Forth to the desert sure,  
 Nor hesitate to flee and leave their all!

Yet in the years untold  
 That centuries on centuries have piled,  
 The hoary hand of old  
 Hath never welcomed such puissant child,  
 And deep in caverned gloom,  
 Where Egypt's awful mysteries weave their spells,  
 Deep voices of the tomb  
 Convey his coming to the lowest hells.

Osiris on his throne  
 Shivered and fell before the rising sun;

Pale Isis made her moan;  
 The moon's cold duties to the dead were done.  
 While every temple fane,  
 Where deity with matter was defiled,  
 Blazed forth with light again  
 As passed the parents with that little Child.

Prone on their faces lay  
 The graven images of ancient art,  
 Num flashed the light of day,  
 And Ashor of the darkness fled apart,  
 While Egypt's mighty three  
 Dropped the usurper's scepter at his feet  
 In whom Heaven's Trinity  
 In awful yet benignant glory meet.

Only an infant fair!  
 Yet wheresoe'er that holy name is said,  
 Earth's idols melt in air,  
 And life succeeds the kingdom of the dead.  
 Before his rosy feet  
 Men cast the treasures of their wealth and lore;  
 This Victor soft and sweet  
 Conquers where mighty heroes failed before.

O, bear the holy Child,  
 Ye, who with yearning hearts would seek to win,  
 Polluted or defiled,  
 Brothers and sisters from the death of sin;  
 Not in the pomp and glare  
 Of glowing ritual or well-polished word  
 Lieth your answered prayer,  
 But in the wonder-working of the Lord.

Where greed of power and gain  
 Hold kneeling masses at their idol shrine,  
 Where lust and pleasure chain,  
 Where passion offers demons rites divine,  
 Where in the temple's fane  
 To beasts that perish foulest orgies be,  
 Thy coming is not vain  
 If in thy company the Christ-child be.

And we who fain would tear  
 From our hearts' altars every idol down,  
 Would purge the temple fair,  
 Would in the lake the legion devils drown,  
 If we would see them fall,  
 The welcomed Infant in his passing by  
 Will make the idols all  
 In shattered fragments at his feet to lie.



## EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

### EDITOR'S STUDY.

#### THE DOCTRINE OF CONDEMNATION.

THE several chief articles or points of Christian doctrine together constitute a symmetrical whole, and it seems needful that each one shall be so interpreted and construed as that the parts may be mutually harmonious. This principle applies with great force and fitness to those great theological truths that relate directly to man in his relations to the divine judgments. Here we detect, first of all, *sin*, which leads on to *condemnation*; and over against this we hear of *grace* brought in through Christ, and providing a way by which man, the confessed sinner, may stand accepted in the sight of his just and holy Judge. The justification of sinners, on the one side, touches upon the fearful facts of sin and guilt, and on the other on the blessed revelations of the divine mercy in Christ, by and through which even the sinful and condemned ones may be justified before God and crowned with eternal life. Finding man in sin detects also his separation from God, his spiritual antagonism to God's law, and his liability to the curse of death. And accordingly the Gospel is given to take away sin, and to effectuate a reconciliation between God and man, and so to save man from his sin, first by his justification before God, and, second, by the sanctification of the Spirit.

Before proceeding to inquire respecting the way by which the sinner may find grace, it may be proper to look closely into the state and condition, both legally and morally, from which he is to be delivered. And here it is evident, first of all, that the declared character of the salvation of the Gospel presumes the guilt of its intended subjects. As only the sick need the offices of the physician, so only the alienated need to be reconciled, and only the guilty to be delivered from condemnation. Much of the language of Scripture, and especially so when the subject of the salvation of

sinners is considered, is forensic in its form and imagery. There is the recognized presence of a Judge proceeding according to the forms of law, and of subjects holding ascertained relations to that law, and the result of the divine inquisition must depend upon the harmony or disharmony found to exist between the law and its subjects. Wherever there is found essential harmony with the law and the subject, the law itself justifies; where this is not found, but the opposite, the law condemns, and legal condemnation implies the guilt of its subject as the necessary condition precedent. To be found out of harmony with God's righteous law, which is God's righteousness, is therefore to be guilty before God.

Guilt is in itself a fact. How the subject becomes guilty is a further point for inquiry, and since God and his law are unchangeable, the varied relations of the subject to the Judge and the law must depend upon changes in himself rather than in God. And since the divine holiness is itself the essence of that righteousness, whose active forms are at once law and judgment, whatever is not conformed to that holiness is in violation of the law, and in the divine sight, judging rightly, it is *sin*, the certain, inevitable, and immediate occasion of guilt. If the characters of any of God's moral creatures are not conformed to the pattern of his own holiness, that fact is open to his sight and his judgment must determine accordingly. And so we are told that "all are under sin," and that all men have become (are judged) "guilty before God."

The doctrine of the universal depravity of the human race is abundantly taught in the Scriptures, as it is also a patent fact in the world, and this in theological language is called *original sin*. This depraved condition of the soul St. Paul denominates "*sin*," and following it out to its legal result he calls that "guilt." Outward or formal acts of wrong are

the external symptoms of the deep-seated disease of the soul, the outworking of the evil intents of the inner man; and by these because men can not search the heart they judge of their fellow men. But God searches the heart, and, therefore, his judgments are always in infinite righteousness. And because he detects this abounding iniquity among men he proposes to save only the guilty and helpless.

It may be useful to pause at this point in order more fully to illustrate the subject in hand, for upon a just conception of the nature of sin will depend the estimate that must be placed on all the great doctrines of the Gospel. In terms of unusual definiteness and precision the Apostle John tells us what sin is. He does not say that it consists in overt acts of wrong, nor of wrong determinations of the volition, nor of evil desires and inclinations of the soul. These are, indeed, all of them sinful in their characters and they are also the outworkings of that which lies back of them in the fallen soul. And of that unseen but ever potentially present property of depraved man he is speaking when he declares, not that sin in action transgresses the law, but that in itself, its essential being, *sin is the transgression of the law*. The active sense of our English word "transgression" is not here to be accepted, for the original will not allow it, but it simply indicates a spirit of anarchy and of opposition to the rectoral holiness of the divine law. Essentially, sin is a condition of the soul, a regnant spirit of opposition to the divine holiness, and, therefore, it is spoken of in the singular number and is contemplated simply as a form of spiritual being. Formally and phenomenally it is multifarious, and we designate it by terms of plurality. We speak of *sins* when we mean only sinful acts or practices. But in God's eyes this distinction between the actual and the essential is often not recognized, and especially so when the sin of the soul is spoken of, for the distinction is only apparent while the reality of sin is of the soul. Another of St. John's concise statements of this subject is his declaration, *All unrighteousness is sin*, where the non-active form of sin is seen in the term employed to designate it. Sin is not, indeed, a mere negation of *righteousness*, it is its spiritual opposite, so that in all moral natures in which righteousness does not predominate there sin

abounds and dominates the soul. And just along this line of thought comes in the declaration of St. Paul that "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness of men." And this revelation of wrath is itself the expression of the divine estimate of the evil deserts of unrighteousness, that is, the guilt of indwelling and abounding sin in the soul; and the measure of the guilt of sin must be learned from the nature of the law of which it is the transgression.

Law is a term of the most comprehensive and expressive character. In its essential being it is all-pervading and every-where active. Thought can not wander beyond its domain, and all things that exist or of which we can have any notion are its subjects. Nor is the divine being himself without law, for though his supremacy is absolute, yet is he a law to himself, and his own immutable perfections lead him forth not capriciously, but in certain and changeless ways of righteousness. But the precepts of this universal law, though always essentially the same, will be specifically differentiated by the varieties found in the character of its subjects. In the material world it is seen in the properties of matter. In merely animal nature it appears in the forms of the vital functions and irrational instincts. But with man, because of his moral nature, it appears as moral law. In all these cases, however, the primary notion of law must still be kept in view. It is always and every-where a rule of action or a mode of existence ordained by the Supreme Authority of the universe.

In this last sense it is generally used in Holy Scripture, though even there its meaning is not always the same. It is comparatively infrequently used in its deepest and most abstract sense, because its subjects are not usually there treated abstractly. Sometimes it is applied to the law given on Sinai, and sometimes to the Levitical code. In some cases it is used as a name for the whole Bible, and sometimes for only a part of it. With St. Paul the word has two principal meanings,—first, the system of religion given to the Israelites through Moses; and second, the eternal law of righteousness revealed in the moral and spiritual lessons of the Old and New Testaments, and applied directly to men's characters and conduct as moral agents. The last evi-

dently gives a much more correct and adequate expression of the real character of the law than any other, and only by this do we come to any just appreciation of the divine government and judgments toward mankind.

But our purpose requires us to come directly to the subject in hand and to determine what really is that law of human conduct and of divine judgment by which men are to be justified or condemned. Had it a beginning, or is it eternal? Is it a divine enactment, or an essential and immutable principle of righteousness? Is it a creation, or inseparable from the mind of God? To each of these questions an affirmative answer must be given to its second member. The law is eternal, immutable, uncreated. And as such it is ineffably and transcendently glorious, and as fearful as it is sublime. Language in its loftiest forms has sought to express its nature; but only to fail most conspicuously. It has been styled a transcript of the divine mind and a declaration of the will of God. And such, no doubt, it is as it comes within the range of human thought; but a transcript is not the original, and a declaration is of the nature of a second-hand presentation. Hence we hear it said again that next to the eternal Son of God it is "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person." And even this shows us only the brightness of the glory that hides rather than displays the sacred substance. As it comes to us it is, indeed, "the form of God revealed," the face of God disclosed to his creatures, the original ideas of truth and righteousness which were lodged from eternity in essential Godhead, but revealed to men through the incarnation of the eternal *Logos*. "It is supreme, unchangeable reason, the unalterable rectitude, the everlasting fitness of all things that are or ever were created." In all this laboring of language to express thoughts too vast and too subtle for its grasp, along with its manifest failure, there is a shadowing intimation of the real and essential excellence that lies back of all these imperfect images, and which gives to them all their value. Only in part can the keenest intellect or the loftiest imagination take hold of a theme so transcendently glorious.

A misapprehension of this subject often arises from the mental process of distinguish-

ing too broadly between the law of God and the divine personality, forming conceptions of them as cause and effect, legislator and enacted law. When it is said that the law is the same with the will of God there often lingers in the mind the sophism that God's will is, like man's, something originated, volitional, and conditioned, and not absolute and essentially unchangeable. We should rather consider the law of God as his *will*, finding in this expression not an action or institute of divine power; but rather God's essential character and self-hood. The divine law, as seen and known among created beings, dwells in its fullness in the divine being and essence, as a stream abides originally in the fountain, and it flows out from its source spontaneously and by the necessities of his nature, and, therefore, it possesses his own character and attributes. Since the *WILL*, as to its essential being, can not be separated from the personality of which it is predicated, whatever distinguishes or inheres in essential Godhead must also pertain to the law of God. This thought kept steadily in mind and properly affecting all our conceptions of the subject will aid in our speculations upon this sacred and sublime subject.

The central and eminently distinctive attribute of God is *HOLINESS*; and therefore the law, as the eternal efflux of uncreated goodness, is itself altogether holy. And here it must be noticed that God's holiness is not simply a negative estate, a *sinlessness*, but it is in its own nature positively and intensely opposed to whatever is unlike itself. In its essential being the divine law is forever and with infinite forcefulness opposed to *sin*. It is especially this supreme ethical property that gives to it and to all related subjects their incomparable sacredness, and which also fixes and demonstrates the ineffable vileness and ill-desert of *sin*. The most fearful declarations respecting the divine judgments derive their force much less from considerations of God's power and authority over us than from the exhibitions of his holiness. The highest motives to right living and being are drawn from the fact of the divine holiness; and the most fearful denunciations against *sin*, and against those in whom *sin* inheres, are based upon considerations of the ethical rectitude of the divine Law-giver, who is of "purer eyes than to behold iniquity," and in the face of *sin* "a con-

suming fire." The "wrath of God" is not a passion of resentment, but an eternal, unalterable, and infinitely righteous antagonism against all unrighteousness. His vengeance, however certain or fearful, is not the venting of pent-up fury, but the steady and unvarying processes of infinite righteousness against the enemies and opposers of the law of essential holiness. It is because God is *holy* that sinners can not stand in his presence. The wrath of God is the natural and necessary attitude of his ethical being toward whatever is of the contrary character, and the execution of his vengeance against the evil and the unjust, against "whosoever loveth and maketh a lie," is but the outgoing of his holiness in administrative and rectoral righteousness.

Viewed in another aspect, the recognition of the divine essence as itself the substance and source of the law, detects in it the most sacred and immeasurable authority. Contemplating the divine person as the "Blessed and only Potentate—King of kings, and Lord of lords," we may the better apprehend and appreciate the rightful authority and the sacredness of all his commandments. And here, as nowhere else, we may form a proximately adequate estimate of the turpitude of sin. The wrong and guilt of transgression are measured, not by the measure of the offender, but by the character of the authority that it impugns. Offenses that may be identical with each other in all their formal conditions, on the side of the culprit, are greater or less according to the sacredness of the authority of which the violated law was the expression. The essential criminality of sin (*ἀνομία*—transgression of the law), in kind and degree is determined by its relation to the law of God. It is a remarkable fact in the philosophy of language that the word *sin*, by which offenses against the divine law are uniformly designated, is seldom or never used to designate any other kinds of offense. The incomparable fullness and intensity of wrong and turpitude of this supreme transgression has seemed to demand a specific and exclusive term to designate it. If, then, the extent of the criminality of sin against God is to be estimated by the sacredness of his person and the authority of his commandments, what words can describe its fearfulness, or who can estimate the weight of the curse that the divine equity must mete out against

it? The Supreme Majesty of Heaven is insulted; the rectoral authority of the Ruler of the universe is contemned; the proprietary rights of the Creator are invaded; the loving-kindness of the "Father of mercies" is despised, and the holiness of the divine Person is set at naught and opposed by the corrupt lusts and the ungodly passions of depraved creatures. Such is sin, as disclosed phenomenally; but its essence lies deeper in the soul, where it subsists and dominates the whole man, as a spirit of anarchy, of selfishness, of rebellion against God, and of spiritual wickedness. In itself, sin is the reverse of the divine law, to which it stands opposed and of which it is the transgression.

This view of the subject shows very clearly and forcibly the *immutability* of the law, of which sin is the transgression, as something real and essential, and not dependent upon any possible conditions. It is not the whole truth to say of the Almighty that he "changes not;" but it must also be seen and confessed that because of the absoluteness of his perfections he *can not change*. If he is thus perfect, any conceivable change must be in the direction of imperfection; and if this could be conceived of as at all possible, then any degree of self-degradation would be possible, and so the Almighty Creator might at length become less than the meanest of his creatures, a supposition at once absurd and impious. And of course the changelessness of the Godhead necessarily implies the perpetual constancy of the law. Its spirit and its precepts, its blessings and its curses must abide forever. If the divine holiness at the beginning of the career of our race inhibited sin and denounced the curse against transgression, the same holiness must forever maintain that inhibition and that curse. If once its language was, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them," the same fearful denunciation must be prolonged down through the cycles of the coming ages of the Almighty. If that divine holiness decreed at the beginning that "the soul that sinneth it shall die," its voice, which can not change, must still proclaim the fearful truth that "the wages of sin is death." Heaven and earth shall pass away, but "the word of the Lord endureth forever."

Men's conception of the nature of the divine



law, and of the judgments proceeding from it, become defective by not properly considering its unity. They, indeed, recognize in it the unity of harmony, confessing that there are not contradictions among its parts, and that all its precepts are alike just and good, and in this sense they contemplate the law of God as a unit, not in itself, however, but in the agreement of its parts. But this view of the subject is both defective and mischievous. Within the sphere of finite conditions and duties the precepts of the law must necessarily be many and multiform; but all of these are but the expressions of the same eternal principle. The wrong of disobedience to the law's precepts, in any case, is detected and measured by that essential principle of righteousness which abides forever in the divine mind, and which finds expression in all of God's commandments. And accordingly no one can be at once a keeper of the law and a transgressor. Before the law there are only two well ascertained and clearly distinguished classes—they who have fulfilled its requirements and are justified by it, and they who have transgressed and so have entered into condemnation. The declaration of the Apostle James that "whoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," though sometimes accounted a hard saying, is, however, only a truism—a necessary and direct deduction from the fact of the unity of the law; and because no degree of partial obedience and the keeping in greater or less, though not absolute, completeness its precepts can avail for justification. Only the sinless can meet its requirements and receive its approval. Such, then, are some of the properties and characteristics of the law of God, respecting which, however, it must still be confessed that "we know [only] in part;" for, doubtless, beyond our utmost reach of thought there are depths of wisdom and power that hide forever in the abyss of the eternal mind. And yet in the revelations made to us we are enabled to detect and apprehend it—holy, even as God is holy—as sacred in its right and authority as is the person of the Godhead; as immutable as the throne of the Most High; a simple and sublime unity, for God is one. And yet, respecting that law, with all its greatness and glory revealed in his own deep spiritual consciousness, the Apostle Paul declares that it is wholly

inadequate to save any one of the human race, being "weak through the flesh."

By making, not God, but man the object of our inquiries and speculations, we shall be led to an intelligent apprehension of his relations to the divine judgments. Since the law of which we speak is universal and all-pervading, its authority rests upon all beings, and upon each class or kind according to its nature, and in virtue of his moral nature—his rational soul—man becomes a subject of God's moral law, as a test of his character and a rule for his conduct. Nor are we called to presume that it was by a distinct and special volition of the Creator that man was made a subject of moral law, but rather in the act of creating him "in the image of God," the Creator subjected him to that law. A new world created within the sphere of the rays of the sun would necessarily receive its light; and so the creation of man in the character then given to him subjected him to the authority of the moral law. It is man's essential nature and not its accidents nor incidental conditions that obliges him; his creation as "a living soul," and not any special enactment, covenant, or decree makes it incumbent upon him to render to God the things required of him. At first the law approved him, and pronounced him *very good*; not, however, for any thing he had done, but for what he was, a pure spirit made in "the image of God." And in the same manner the law judges us still, for we are approved or condemned according to what we are as God sees us. To each other, indeed, our actions are the best indication of what we are in our interior characters, and we judge accordingly; but God looks directly into the heart and judges righteous judgment. Every soul is possessed of moral character, with the possibilities of obedience and disobedience, conformity or non-conformity to the divine pattern; and, therefore, the whole human race is judged by the law, as holy or unholy, just or unjust, and they are accordingly justified or condemned. Because "the eyes of the Lord are in all the earth, beholding the evil and the good," and "all things are plain and open to him with whom we have to do," therefore, are all men judged righteously—and they must stand or fall in the judgment according to the results of the divine scrutiny.

The approval or condemnation of each

man, in his own proper person, must be determined by his own conduct and character, as tested by the demands of the law. Do these answer to its exalted and far-reaching claims? Is man pure in heart and blameless in life? Are all things in his moral nature conformed to the divine pattern, and such that duly ad-measured they must be pronounced very good? Such was man when at first he appeared a subject of the moral law. His perfect heart answered to its perfect model, and his conduct corresponded to his character. But this was only for a season. Man, made to serve and enjoy God, and created with the requisite capabilities, by the abuse of his moral powers, departed from the commandment,—became a transgressor, and a subject of sin; and so he came into condemnation, and from him, as the fountain of the race, the curse has gone forth, and all mankind are involved in the moral and judicial ruin that it entails. The seeds of sin are found in the moral nature of each individual, which are naturally and necessarily developed into inward and outward wickedness. He is "shapen in iniquity," and, therefore, his inmost nature is not conformed to the divine law, but develops from itself by natural growth both spiritual and actual sins. And because each man in his own character and life had thus become sinful, it was said on a certain notable occasion, when the divine scrutiny was made in form, that "all flesh had corrupted its way in the earth."

In the third chapter of the *Epistle to the Romans*, the inspired writer makes something like an inspection and survey of the human race, in respect to its relations to God's eternal righteousness, and has there set down the field-notes of that survey. They run in this wise:

"There is none righteous, no, not one.

There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God.

They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

Their lips are an open sepulcher: with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips.

Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness.

Their feet are swift to shed blood.

Destruction and misery are in their ways;

And the way of peace have they not known;

There is no fear of God before their eyes."

The conclusion to which the apostle comes, after presenting this fearful indictment,—of the truthfulness of which there can be no

doubt—is certainly the only one possible. In respect to the guilty subjects it declares—"Every mouth must be stopped, and all the world must become [must be adjudged] *guilty before God*;" and in respect to the divine judgment it pronounces, "Therefore, by the deeds of the law shall no flesh [no one of the human race] be justified before God, for *by the law is the knowledge of sin*,"—applied to men's characters and lives, in every possible case, it detects sin and pronounces condemnation.

Though all this is especially and eminently matter of divine revelation, given through the written Word, yet it is not there only that it is found, but rather it is a felt and recognized presence in all the history of human thought, and in the Bible itself it is taught indirectly as fully and forcibly as in its direct doctrinal utterances. The earliest murder trial on record displays very clearly the doctrines of conscious guilt and of certain retribution. The brother's blood, then as always since, cried for vengeance, and the cry was heard, and the guilty one, self-condemned, bore the stigma of his wrong-doing, fearing in every man an avenger of his crime. The mythological Nemesis—lame, yet winged, and bearing the spear, following with tireless diligence, and infallible directness, in the tracks of the guilty ones—is much more than a fiction or a legend. It is rather an embodiment of the soul's intuition of retribution, which may seem to linger, and yet can fly upon its victim when required, and which ever bears the sword of the avenger. The Greek tragedy—that grandest production of dramatic genius—is less a creation than a transcript from the common consciousness of guilt among men, and of the certainty of retribution. The story of Caesar's ghost pursuing his chief assassin, and that of Banquo at the feast of his murderers—the ineffaceable blood marks on the hands of Lady Macbeth, and Judas hanging himself, all come within the same category; all recognize the same abiding truth of conscious guilt and dread of its results. The hero of the tale of "Flodden Field," though he had dared to hurl defiance at "the Douglas in his hall," and even in death shouted "victory," and cheered his chieftains to the final onset, yet quailed and shuddered when he saw in the woman that bent over him to staunch his bleeding wounds, the victim of his own baseness; and with min-

gled horror and remorse, he cried out against his own faint-heartedness—

"Curse on that fierce marauder's dart,  
And doubly curse my failing brand,  
*A guilty heart makes feeble hand.*"

But, some may ask, does not this holy and glorious law in some way contemplate and make provision for the restoration of the fallen, and the rescue of the guilty, from the curse of sin? It is, indeed, infinitely powerful, but all its strength moves the other way. It is strong to condemn and to destroy the sinful, but absolutely without strength to save them. It stands unchangeably the same, to commend and bless the righteous, and to mete out just punishment against the transgressors. Its course is steadily onward, along the lines of eternal righteousness and judgment, and it can neither be stayed nor turned aside in its progress, for it is "the eternal efflux of the divine decrees," which make no provisions by which the guilty may escape their just recompense of reward.

But, again, it may be asked, whether since the law is the substance and the expression of God's unutterable greatness, by which he works all things according to the counsels of his own will, is there not among the boundless resources of infinite goodness some way of escape for the sinner—some method by which "a man may be just with God?" May he not come with an offering—the blood of hecatombs of victims, or bringing his first-born for his transgression; the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul? All this has been abundantly answered; sacrifices are without value, and future obedience, could it be rendered, could not compensate for the past, nor take away the stain of sin, from the conscience. In proportion as the light of the Holy Spirit reveals to the spirit in man at once the divine law with its strength and its all-consuming holiness, and the soul's own sinfulness and guilt, does he become his own judge—and his awakened conscience most fearfully condemns him. He may, indeed, come to hate his sin, and earnestly desire to escape from its enthralling power, but his struggles to escape from it all the more clearly and painfully disclose his own helplessness, and the force of the law of sin that now dominates his whole spiritual being. In such a case the spontaneous groaning of the soul is heard voicing only its deep despair, "Oh

wretched man that I am!" Despair alone remains, fearful and unmitigated, for God himself is against him, and all the glorious perfections of the divine character unite to pronounce his doom.

This murky cloud of sin and guilt covered our sin-cursed world, when on the evening of the day of the first transgression offended Divinity first confronted sinful man; and then and there was given that first ray from the "Sun of righteousness," which shedding its dim but cheering light down through the coming ages of sin and death, penciled upon its dark front the faint outlines of the bow of promise. Plagues deeper and darker than those let out from the fabled box of Pandora were scattered over the earth; but there was hope, nevertheless, and that dark cloud remained, through all the ages of the world's expectation, but the light that gave hope remained also, and steadily increased its radiance, as seers and sages, and priest and scribe received and appreciated the promises of the great salvation, which all desired but none could clearly apprehend. But the same light that with increasing brightness pointed the sign of hope in the heavens, also disclosed the blackness of the clouds upon which it was drawn, and from which were sent forth the lightnings and thunderings of Sinai. And so it has ever been that the way of salvation more fully displays the depth of the ruin which sin has wrought upon the soul and in the world. The promises and provisions through which salvation is revealed and made effective, for the guilty and ruined race of Adam, all recognize the greatness of that ruin, the turpitude of the guilt, and the utter hopelessness of the condition in which mankind were found. As subjects of the holy eternal and immutable law of essential righteousness, man stands a self-confessed offender, and that law is without strength to save him. But in that darkest hour, when the creation waited in mingled fear and hope, the voice of the angel at Bethlehem resolved the great secret. "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh [not adapted to save the guilty], God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh [by a veritable incarnation], and for a sin-offering [making atonement for sinners], condemned sin in the flesh," and so brought in the righteousness of the Gospel.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**THE DANGER TO ST. MARK'S, VENICE.**—Of all the world's most memorable buildings St. Mark's comes in for an undisputed share. It has long been the object of universal admiration. In Italy no church has greater claims than this ecclesiastical structure, the best model extant in the work of Eastern ideas as they came to us in the crusade movement. Of course, it is not a perfect piece of workmanship in architectural forms, and owes its attractiveness rather to brilliancy of coloring and picturesqueness of effect; but as such it is what Ruskin has so well said, "a companion of delight." Action has been taken in London by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, in protest against the proposed total destruction and rebuilding of the west front of St. Mark's at Venice. A commission will sit in Venice during the present month to decide whether the work of destruction shall begin this month or be allowed to stand over for another year, and the society has resolved that a memorial be framed and signed by all lovers of art in England for presentation to the minister of public works in Italy, praying that the destruction of this, in many respects, almost unique specimen of art be not allowed to take place. Lord Houghton, Holman Hunt, and William Morris are among those who took part in the meeting. Mr. Morris has published in the *Daily News* a letter on the subject in which he says that though "this marvel of art and treasure of history" has suffered many disgraces already, it is in the main in a genuine and untouched state. He adds that whatever pretenses may be brought forward, the proposal to rebuild its front can only come from those that suppose they can renew, and by imitation make better, the workmanship of its details, hitherto supposed to be unrivaled; from "those that think there is nothing distinctive between the thoughts and expression of the thoughts of the men of the twelfth and of the nineteenth centuries; from those that prefer gilding, glitter, and blankness to the solemnity of tone and the incident that hundreds of years of wind and weather have given to the marble, always beautiful, but from the first meant to grow more beautiful by the lapse of time." In

short, those only, he says, "can think the restoration of St. Mark's possible who neither know nor care that it has now become a work of art, a monument of history, and a piece of nature."

**THE PARIS BOULEVARDS AT NIGHT.**—Here is an inimitable word picture of these attractive streets of Paris culled from an English paper: The Boulevards are blazing. Half closing the eyes, it seems as if one saw on the right and left two rows of flaming furnaces. The shops cast floods of brilliant light half across the street and encircle the crowd in a golden dust. Diffused rays and beams, which make the gilded letters and brilliant trimmings of the façades shine as if of phosphorus, pour down on every side. The chloaks, which extended in two interminable rows, lighted from within, with their many-colored panes, resembling enormous Chinese lanterns placed on the ground, or the little transparent theaters of the Marionettes, give to the street the fantastic and child-like aspect of an Oriental fête. The numberless reflections of the glasses, the thousand luminous points shining through the branches of the trees, the inscriptions in glass gleaming on the theater fronts, the rapid motion of the innumerable carriage lights that seem like myriads of fire-flies set in motion by the wind, the purple lamps of the omnibuses, the great flaming halls opening into the street, the shops, which resemble caves of incandescent gold and silver, the hundred thousand illuminated windows, the trees that seem to be lighted, all these theatrical splendors half-concealed by the verdure which now and then allows one to see the distant illuminations and presents the spectacle in successive scenes,—all this broken light refracted, variegated, and mobile, falling in showers, gathered in torrents and scattered in stars and diamonds, produces the first time an impression of which no idea can possibly be given. There is not a shadow on the sidewalks, where one can find a pin. Every face is illuminated.

**ST. MARY'S, EDINBURGH.**—The revival of cathedral building, so to speak, has a noteworthy representative in St. Mary's, which



was recently consecrated with imposing ceremony in Edinburgh. Not only the Episcopal part of the community but every part of it, Presbyterian and all, contributed by its presence to the significance of the occasion. Sir Gilbert Scott considered this cathedral his best work. A romantic story is told of its origin. An old maiden lady, Miss Mary Walker, the survivor of two sisters, lived in an ancient manor house of a Scotch type, so near to Edinburgh that the spreading of the town gradually surrounded her and greatly increased the value of her property. To her wealth, which was already considerable, she added large sums by means of frugality and the rise in values. It got to be believed that she was very rich, and it was assumed that when she died some person then unknown would be made the possessor of her wealth. Some eight or nine years ago she died, and on opening her will every body in Edinburgh was astounded to hear that her entire fortune was to pass into the hands of trustees for the construction and support of a cathedral to be called St. Mary's. Notwithstanding there was a strong Presbyterian element in the Board of Trustees, the provisions of her will have been carried out with harmony and strict accuracy. The architecture of the cathedral is Gothic of the early pointed and purely English type.

LEONARDO'S "LAST SUPPER."—Among the valuable property which John Forster, the friend and biographer of Dickens, bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum were two volumes of manuscripts in the handwriting of Leonardo da Vinci, that have received from scholars scarcely any attention at all. A recent number of the London *Academy* calls attention to the great importance of these volumes, both to art and to the biography of the artist, and gives some account of what they contain. In the first of them there is detailed information of the origin of "The Last Supper," and the artist gives expression to the thoughts which influenced him in the delineations of the individual types of the apostles. On comparing these notes with the picture, one sees at a moment that Leonardo adhered to his plans in the execution of the fresco. Here are translations of several of the notes about the apostles: "One is about to drink, but leaves it (the glass) in its place, and turns his

head toward the prolocutor. Another is extending the fingers of his hands, and turns toward his neighbor with a severe expression on his brow. Another opens his hands, showing their palms, and raises his shoulders toward his ears, his mouth indicating astonishment. Another speaks into the ear of his neighbor, who listens, turning toward him, and placing his ear near him, while in one hand he holds a knife and in the other the bread half-divided by the said knife. Another, in turning, with a knife in his hand, overturns with the same hand the glass which stands on the table. Another places his hands on the table, looking at his neighbor, who blows upon his mouthful (of food). Another bends forward toward the prolocutor, holding one hand over his eyes to shade them. Another draws backward (behind) the one who bends forward, and looks at the prolocutor between the wall and the sky."

PARIS SCHOOLS.—M. Herold, prefect of the Seine, recently gave at a meeting of the Paris municipal council the facts concerning the late secularization of the communal schools. Altogether, he stated, he had secularized in Paris thirty-two congregational establishments, and there remained one hundred and ten to be secularized. In the rest of the department he had secularized fifteen schools. The chief difficulty he had found was in procuring competent teachers. He said that many of the Christian Brothers had applied for masterships in the lay schools, and had been accepted. The lay teachers cost more than the congregationalists because the authorities paid them higher wages in order to get more qualified teachers. He stated that in almost every quarter freed congregationalist schools had been started by the side of the secularized schools, but in spite of this fact the number of pupils in the lay establishments continued to increase. Out of eleven thousand pupils belonging to the schools that had been secularized, seven thousand had remained there and four thousand had joined the free congregationalist schools. In conclusion M. Herold declared that the government was firmly resolved to carry out the programme of secular education, but at the same time to be prudent and not ruffle the sentiments of the people by too hasty or too sweeping transformations in the public-schools.

**A ROMAN TREASURE.**—Early in the morning of the 1st of June a lad engaged in repairing the drain of the house No. 23 Via dello Stelletta found a little shiny piece of metal and put it in his pocket, waiting for a chance of showing it to some connoisseur. In the mean time a good deal of the dirt from the drain was carted away in the direction of Porta Angelica. The lad had his piece examined by a goldsmith opposite, and he was just receiving twenty francs for it when the head mason and the owner of the house, who had heard somehow of the affair, came to stop the bargain at the right moment. Search was made immediately on the spot, and one hundred and forty-two gold coins were found scattered between the drain and the walls of the house. Policemen were sent after the carts; they overtook them just outside Porta Angelica, examined the contents, and found forty-two more coins, to the great amazement of the drivers, who had no idea they were removing gold from such an unexpected mine. The treasure numbers, consequently, one hundred and eighty-four gold coins of the largest size, perfectly fresh as if they had just been taken from the mint. The period to which they belong goes from 1450 to 1550, the earliest are of Pius II, the others of Innocent VIII, Alexander VI, Julius II, Leo X, Hadrian VI, Clement VII, and Paul III. Nearly one-third belongs to Clement VII, a few coins to the Viscontis and the Wladislaw of Hungary. Some were engraved by artists worthy to vie with Donatello or Benvenuto. They are of exquisite beauty. Mgr. Casali, the owner, has been offered 36,800 francs for the group and he refuses.

**WHAT BARON ROTHSCHILD DOES FOR HIS FAVORITE HORSE.**—It is not the fate of many to be a Rothschild. But there is many a poor man who will envy not only the rich bankers by that name, but even the horse the Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, has come to regard as his favorite. For the accommodation of this dumb, though attractive, animal he has had a special loose box built at the cost of twelve thousand dollars. This elegant room forms a part of a new stable which cost only eighty thousand dollars. It has marble floors, encaustic tiles painted by distinguished artists, rings, chains, and drain-traps of silver, and

walls frescoed with splendid hunting scenes from the pencils of eminent animal painters. Fortunately, however, the baron's annual income is \$1,600,000.

**RUSSIA BOUND TO HAVE HER EASTERN LANDS IN COMMUNICATION.**—The attempt made last Summer to divert the Amu-Darya into the Caspian with native help having failed, a commission of European engineers has been appointed to undertake the work with all the appliances of modern science. The gentlemen intrusted with the important undertaking are Herren Holmström, Bolle, Helmann, and Roop, who have just left St. Petersburg for Khiva. They will be accompanied and protected by a military force under General Ginchovski, and are expected to remain a year or two in Turkistan. Russia never abandons an idea. Saxons may have *push*, but what the Russians have is *dogged persistency*, and the question is which of the two will last longest.

**WHAT PARISIANS DO FOR SUFFERERS.**—There is not a more wicked spot in all the world than Paris. Indeed, the name of this place has become proverbial with all that is flippant and worthless; and yet Parisians are not so bad after all. There is humanity in every Parisian soul, and down deep in the soul there burns a love for the good, the true, and the beautiful, which the Lord has implanted and will not let die. There are the sufferers from the Mercian inundations; Paris comes to the rescue. An illustrated paper is being got up for their benefit. It will probably bring millions of francs. It promises to be the most splendid affair of its kind ever gotten up. The popular edition will be three hundred thousand copies at one franc each; but in addition there will be a special edition on Chinese paper, for which any obtainable price will be charged. Plon lends his presses to print both issues. The paper will contain *fac-similes* of the autographs of all the European sovereigns and chief statesmen. Doré, Meissonier, Worms, Neuville, and Detaille will assist with their pencils. Got contributes an article on the "Comédie Française;" Broglie writes on the "French Academy," Naquet on "Divorce," Sardou on "Materialism," and Rothschild will pen the "City Article." Victor Hugo and Gambetta are also expected to

contribute. There is hope for men while such a spirit of brotherly love continues to dwell in their hearts.

**NOAH'S TOMB.**—A recent traveler in the East thus writes: "A road practicable for wheeled vehicles leads along the plain to Baalbec, distant about forty miles—a pleasant road, for the first hour skirting the lower Lebanon spurs, and winding between hedges of roses in bloom and through richly cultivated country. I turned off from it before it became hot and dull, to stop at the village

of Mualaka, celebrated as containing the remains of Noah, whose tomb is shown to the credulous stranger. Its dimensions are one hundred and four feet long by ten feet broad, and it conveys some idea of the size of the human race before men evolved backwards as it were to their present dimensions. As Noah lived to the age of nine hundred and fifty years, and built an ark large enough to contain specimens of every living thing on the face of the globe, there seems to be no reason why he himself should not have been one hundred feet high."

## ART.

### ÆSTHETIC MANAGEMENT OF CITIES.

FROM the time the immediate survivors of the deluge said, "Go to now, let us build a city," the question of city growth and city management has been one of the hardest of problems. To combine the two sometimes seemingly contradictory elements of utility and beauty is not easy. Convinced of this, the enterprising speculators in the West have first drawn out their future city on a flaming lithograph, and then proceeded to the sale of lots and the realization of their dream. The general difficulty herein discovered is the almost total lack of a high æsthetic element on the part of the projectors, and a consequent sameness and dullness in the result. The checker-board of Philadelphia has been repeated indefinitely, and in most careless inattention to the peculiar contour of the site which is to be occupied. Doubtless by a broad and comprehensive genius a model city could be produced, such a one as would need few subsequent readjustments to answer the demands of utility and of beauty alike. But the fact is, most cities of the world, whether old or new, present a very strange conglomeration of parts, originating in individual tastes or in fancied convenience, and possess, as a whole, few artistic attractions. Many of these lacks have been supplied by either the strong arbitrary will of a sovereign, as in the case of Paris under Napoleon III, or by the boldness of great building societies, as in the case of Berlin since the Franco-Prussian war. These two cities have

undergone such marvelous changes within the past twenty-five years that the old visitors to those capitals are unable to locate some of their most familiar places of resort.

But it is well known that the expense of making Paris the beautiful capital it is was something enormous. To cut remorselessly through streets and buildings, some of which had become famous and precious from historical associations, can usually be the prerogative of an arbitrary sovereign alone; and the capital necessary for such an undertaking can be supplied only by a hard tax upon the people. How much better would it be, could the planning and beautifying of our cities be under the direction and control of an intelligent and competent board of management, thus securing desirable ends without the double expense of destruction and construction! These remarks have been suggested by the reports which have appeared from time to time of the attempts to secure such a board of management for the city of Boston. In just what stage of advancement this movement is, we are unable to say; but that the enterprise itself is to be commended we think few will question. In some respects Boston is one of the most picturesque cities in America; in others she is one of the most abominably built and arranged. That she has possibilities of rich adornings and attractions none can deny who have noticed her immense water-front, looking out upon a magnificent bay, and affording many exquisitely beautiful outlooks toward the sea. Just

what may be the outcome of these efforts to improve Boston artistically can not be predicted. It is, however, probable that on this side the Atlantic our chief concern must be with the *future* of our cities. The extensions of these ought certainly to be under a professional board of control, who would carefully and persistently give direction to the arrangement of streets so as to secure the double result of beauty and convenience; and under whose absolute control should be the laying out and management of parks and squares where the tired people could find a healthy breathing place. It is devoutly to be wished that this initial movement in Boston may grow to the magnitude which its importance demands, and extend into every considerable town of this nation. When it is known that utility need not be synonymous with deformity, and that beauty is as inexpensive as ugliness, our citizens will be awake to the importance of this movement, and we shall consent to the exercise of some even arbitrary power in order to secure results so desirable.

#### A FRESCO OF FRA ANGELICO.

THE recent removal from what was the Chapter House of the Convent of St. Dominic, below Fiesole, of the magnificent fresco of Fra Giovanni Angelico, has revived the artistic interest in this most celebrated work of the beautiful painter. It would seem that when the ancient building was converted into a villa, the masons carelessly cracked the thin brick wall on which the painting stood, and thus was the noble fresco in danger of absolute destruction. We are happy to report that Professor Maggianti has recently purchased the painting and has succeeded in bodily removing the partition without the slightest additional injury. It is truly remarkable to what injuries and mishaps the celebrated frescoes have been exposed, and how wonderfully so many of them have been preserved to our day with much of their original freshness and beauty. Fire, water, vandalism, carelessness, stupidity, change of hands, and last and not least, the passion for restoration, have followed these works like a destroying host. Only a feeling of hearty thanksgiving should be felt towards Professor Maggianti for undertaking the careful guardianship of one of the first gems of the mediæval period. Charles Heath Wilson, in

the *Academy*, has given to the art world some results of a recent visit to this fresco and a most careful study of the phases of history it has passed through. He claims that such results as those attained by the beatified monk clearly prove that if the principles of the revival had never triumphed, the older manner was susceptible of attaining perfection. He believes, too, that at some period this fine picture has been washed, as were the frescoes of Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine, and with somewhat similar results. The sky has been injured by the process, most of the blue being removed; and the red now shines through portions of it, so that it seems clouded. The robe of the Virgin has greatly suffered, especially round the edges; and the ground tint, which hid the alteration of the feet of the male saints, being also partially removed, has exposed the *pintimento* in a very clumsy way. A landscape, which had been painted in distemper with the sky, has been nearly obliterated. The fresco is free from modern repainting, and any thing which to inexperienced eyes may seem suspicious is completely accounted for by the rude and foolish handling it has undergone. The cracks disturb the surface, but all the pure fresco of the great master remains intact, and the restoration of the mere *tempera* is a process at once easy and perfectly safe. The cracks may be filled up with plaster and toned with *tempera* merely to remove the disturbing effect which they produce, and which is unjust to the great work of Fra Angelico. Without touching or covering up so much as one inch of the original work, the injury inflicted by clumsy and foolish hands may be repaired as a sacred duty, and with a skill not inferior technically to the old work, while this may be done in water-color not subject to change, and which may be removed with the slightest touch of a damp sponge.

#### WAGNERISM—AGAIN.

WHEN will this Wagnerian battle cease? We can only say it will not while the grand captain lives to conduct the attacks and defenses. The recent utterances of Richard Wagner through the columns of the *North American Review*, to which we at the time referred, have been subjected to much adverse criticism, even by those who were friendly to much which he had defended. The arrogant



tone which was assumed in these papers must have been offensive to every truly artistic taste; and the consuming egotism therein displayed was something truly pitiable or despicable, according to the stand-point from which we study it. Specially have his unfeeling and terribly unjust estimates of some of the grand musical composers who have given to Germany an immortality of fame caused sorrow, surprise, and indignation. These can be accounted for only on one of two theories—Wagner is insane, or it is the despairing wail of a prophet who finds no response in the heart or lives of the people into whose ears he has spoken his vaticinations. To such as deny his prophetic power his utterances will appear wild through vexation, jealousy, or anger. Towards no modern musical composer has he assumed a more unjust attitude than towards Mendelssohn. When he says of his purpose, "He had no aim but to please the modern cultivated taste, and to give it occasionally, amid the shifting and turmoil of the times, the consolation of a little pleasing and elegant entertainment," it is manifest to every one who knows any thing of the life of Mendelssohn and his methods of working that Wagner is savagely unjust towards the author of "St. Paul" and "Elijah." Mendelssohn's letters to his friends abound in passages which clearly prove that he had never been subjected to so severe criticism as by himself. His attitude towards his own works affords a most curious and profitable psychological study. It is really remarkable how he could hold himself so very evenly poised, and have the judicial scales so steadily balanced while listening to the rendering of his own compositions. It can not be charged that Mendelssohn was self-assured and arrogant; nor, on the other hand, was he a cringing courtier of the public; he was earnest, fastidious, and severely just. It is, therefore, an offense to the honest and fair thinker to note in these *North American* articles this consuming egotism of Wagner, coupled, as it is, with a thorough underrating of his contemporary workers. To the German and other European musical authorities it is a matter of curious amusement to find Wagner using a transatlantic journal for his last utterances. To most of them it will doubtless appear like leaving the metropolitan press and opinion, and betaking himself to a second-class provin-

cial authority for the sake of giving utterance to what is claimed to be a final prophecy and vindication.

#### SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

THE will of the late Duke of Brunswick, which attracted so much notice at the time of his death two or three years ago, and by which he left his whole fortune, amounting to a hundred million francs or so, to the city of Geneva, where he had lived out his last years, contained a condition that Geneva should build a handsome mausoleum to his memory. This the city has done with great splendor, and the mausoleum, or monument, in the Place des Alpes, was finished only a month or two ago, at a cost of some three hundred thousand dollars. According to a description of it in the *New York World*, it is modeled upon the famous Scaliger tomb at Verona. It is a hexagonal canopy of Carrara marble, standing on a platform of red granite, and covering a sarcophagus surrounded by an iron grille, the sarcophagus being sculptured in relief with scenes in the history of the house of Brunswick. About it stand six ancestral statues in white marble, and the platform, girt with a balustrade of red granite, is beset with sphinxes, and lions of the same material guard the steps to it. It is covered by a gabled *flèche*, or pyramid, of red marble, a white marble angel standing in a niche on each of the six faces. This is crowned by a pedestal of white marble, on which is a bronze statue of the duke on horseback, the whole being sixty feet high. The city has spent one out of the twenty millions of dollars in its legacy in building an opera-house, of which M. Garnier, we believe, is the architect. It is built in the manner of the Grand Opera-house at Paris, and is behind only that and its rival at Vienna in magnificence. The Canton of Geneva naturally wished to share in this good luck, but the city refused to divide the inheritance; and so, although it has been a custom to remit the cantonal tax of two and one-half per cent on legacies left for public uses, the canton insisted this time on its right to the duty, and the city has had to pay two millions and a half of francs for the privilege of using the remainder. The opera-house was to have been opened this season, and was finished a month ago, it is said. Now that all this is done, that the

money is spent on the opera-house and the mausoleum, and the succession-tax is paid, the city is told that the duke's heirs have succeeded in breaking the will, on the ground that the duke, having been interdicted from reigning, and proclaimed by the courts a spendthrift incapable of managing his property, was disqualified from disposing of it by will. Therefore, the will is declared void by the tribunal of Brunswick, and the estate may be expected to revert to the duke's natural heirs. The city of Geneva, however, is wealthy, as well as thrifty. She has got her opera-house, and undoubtedly is able to pay for it, little as she may like to. The succession-tax may yet be recovered, and she has at least the satisfaction, such as it is, which not all cities can claim, of having done handsomely in her memorial by a man who tried to do handsomely by her.—*American Architect*.

#### CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.

GROVE's new Dictionary of Music brings out many of the peculiar characteristics of Beet-

hoven. 'We are told, among other things, that Beethoven went nowhere without his sketch-books, and, indeed, these seem to distinguish him from other composers almost as much as his music does. They are, perhaps, the most remarkable relic that any artist or literary man has left behind him. They afford the most precious insight into Beethoven's method of composition. They not only show, what we know from his own admission, that he was in the habit of working at three and even four things at once, but without them we should never realize how extremely slow and tentative he was in composing. Audacious and impassioned beyond every one in extemporizing, the moment he takes his pen in hand he becomes the most cautious and hesitating of men. It almost would seem as if this great genius never saw his work as a whole until it actually approached completion. It grew like a plant or a tree, and one thing produced another. . . . There is hardly a bar in his music of which it may not be said with confidence that it has been rewritten a dozen times.

#### NATURE.

**A NEW THEORY OF SEASICKNESS.**—The singular benefit derived by the use of nitrite of amyl in seasickness has suggested a new theory of the cause of the malady, namely, that it is due to cerebral anæmia. The proposer, Henry Naylor, Edinburgh, says: "The rapid swinging of the vessel and the body with it irritates the eyes and vision, and this, by reflex action, produces a spasm of the cerebral capillaries; this explains the feeling of faintness and giddiness that comes on suddenly just as the vessel gives a lurch. The sudden emptying of the cerebral vessels causes the stomach to sympathize, resulting in nausea, whether the stomach be full or empty. These symptoms are most distressing when the subject is sitting or standing, with the eyes open. If he lies down the change of position relieves the anæmia, the faintness or dizziness pass off, and the sickness ceases. But occasionally even the recumbent position does not give relief if the eyes are kept open. I have known this to be the case with several ladies who were never

comfortable at sea unless lying down with eyes closed. They were able to eat their meals if they lay down with closed eyes immediately after. A fact that helps to show the feasibility of the anæmic theory is that brandy and other stimulants give considerable relief for a time, which would not be the case in cerebral congestion, which has been supposed to be the cause hitherto. The explanation of how seasickness continues so persistently in some is that the sickness weakens the heart's action, and this diminishes the flow of blood to the brain; so that prolonged seasickness is due to a circuit of causes, visual irritation, cerebral anæmia, sickness, weak heart action." Mr. Naylor adds that amyl nitrite usually does good in seasickness if used at once, because, being an anti-spasmodic, it relieves the spasm of the cerebral vessels, and thus the brain is refilled with blood. But if it fails then the persistent sickness, by its effect upon the contractions of the heart, prevents the brain from getting a sufficient supply of blood, and the

brain becomes anæmic, not from a spasm of the capillaries, but from an insufficient power of the heart. It is at this stage that alcoholic stimulants in small doses, frequently repeated, give great relief.

**SIMULATION OF DEATH BY INSECTS.**—In an interesting paper read before the Entomological Society of England the simulation of death so frequently observed among insects was regarded not as an intentional stratagem to escape danger; but as a species of catalepsy due to terror, and was compared to the so-called fascination which certain birds and small mammals experience in the presence of a snake. It would seem that the tendency to such simulation in different species is inversely as their locomotive powers. Thus, as far as the true insects are concerned, shamming death is most common among the coleoptera, the order whose locomotive faculties are, upon the whole, lowest. Looking again at the group of coleoptera, we find the tendency to simulate death absent, or at least very rare, among the tiger beetles, scarabs, and the geodephaga generally; among the long-horns, which, when alarmed, rise in the air almost as readily as do bees or diptera; among the staphylini, which both fly and run, and among the elateridæ, which escape danger by a sudden leap. On the other hand, the semblance of death is often put on by the lamellicornes, which are slow crawlers, blundering flyers, and are incapable of taking wing without some time for preparation. All these properties are still more decided in the genus *Byrrhus*, and here, accordingly, we find simulation at its height. At the mere sound or vibration caused by an approaching footstep, human or brute, one of the latter insects draws in its legs and assumes very effectively the appearance of a small stone or rounded clod of earth. Among spiders the same distinction may be traced. The slower and more sedentary forms, if in the presence of an enemy, roll themselves up in a ball and may easily be passed unobserved. On the contrary the wandering ground spiders, which in warm weather bound with such rapidity that they are sometimes by careless observers supposed to fly, rarely resort to this stratagem except when very persistently teased and intercepted.

**SEA-WEEDS AS FOOD.**—In a recent speech on the trade between Japan and Hong Kong, the

English governor of the latter port made statements with regard to the use of sea-weeds in China, which suggest the possibility of our neglecting a valuable source of food supply along our Atlantic coast. The profitable crop of "Irish" moss gathered annually from the rocks off Scituate, Massachusetts, may be but a small part of our resources in this direction. The governor observed that he had been examining the Japanese sea-weeds and it seemed to him that he recognized familiar friends. In the busiest streets of Hong Kong similar products are to be seen in bales and bundles with Japanese trade-marks upon them. These sea-weeds have a high reputation in China for their succulence and nourishing qualities. From the statistical tables it is found that in the year ending June 30, 1878, the quantity of Japanese sea-weeds received in China through Hong Kong and otherwise, amounted to 20,565,479 catties, valued at \$456,366.

Looking at the way this article of food is produced and put upon the Chinese market, and to the extraordinary demand for it in that empire of four hundred millions of food-consumers, it is not too much to say that its production and sale will be in direct ratio to the labor devoted to it. Increase that labor fivefold and the consumption of sea-weed will probably increase fivefold. The governor further states that after having experienced the new and not unpleasant sensation in eating some well-cooked sea-weeds he was not surprised at the estimation in which the Chinese, a nation of cooks and gourmards, hold them.

**HOW ICE BOATS SAIL FASTER THAN THE WIND THAT DRIVES THEM.**—It is demonstrated in mechanics that when a force acts continuously on a movable body the motion of this body increases every moment. In the case under consideration the force is the wind, the movable body is the ice yacht. The force is continuous, supposing the wind continues to blow; therefore, the ice yacht should go faster and faster, and if it be a sufficient time in motion its velocity will at a given time exceed that of the wind. In this reasoning it is supposed that the friction of the yacht on the ice is sufficiently small not entirely to destroy the increase of speed which the wind tends to communicate to the boat. It must be observed that the velocity of the wind may vary during

its action, though this by no means weakens our proof. It is sufficient that it acts continuously. If the constant force vary in intensity, the increase of speed will be less each moment, but the velocity will, notwithstanding, increase, supposing always that it is not annulled by friction. Let it be observed, in fine, that it is quite possible for a boat to go faster than the wind which drives it. For this it suffices that the boat, during the whole time of its course, moves through air already put in motion by the same wind.

**THE PHILOSOPHY OF BLOWING OUT A CANDLE.**—If we blow a fire it burns more fiercely, but if we blow a candle it goes out. These two facts if taken together are a familiar illustration of the influence of temperature on chemical affinity. In both cases, that of the fire and that of the candle, the burning is the combining of the oxygen of the air with the carbon and hydrogen contained in the coal or wood of the fire, or in the tallow of the candle. Now cold carbon and hydrogen may lie in contact with oxygen for any length of time without combining with either; but if the substances be made red hot they instantly enter into chemical combination. When a candle is burning the heat generated by the combustion constantly raises new quantities of the material to the temperature at which combination with oxygen will take place, and thus the combustion is kept up. But if a current of air of a temperature far below the combustion point be thrown against the flame, the hot vapors are swept away, and others which are rising in their place are cooled so that combination with oxygen no longer takes place; in other words, the candle ceases to burn. On the other hand, when we blow a large fire, the mass of combustion is so great that, instead of the carbon and hydrogen being cooled, the oxygen of the blast is heated, and the combination is made thereby more active; in other words, the fire burns more fiercely.

**ELECTRICAL CAMPHOR.**—If a small bit of camphor is laid upon water it begins turning and moving about with great rapidity. If a few grains of lycopodium or other light powder have been previously scattered on the water they are drawn toward the camphor in eddies in an inverse direction. These phenomena were observed in 1748 by Romieu,

who attributed them to a difference of electricity between the water and the camphor. Subsequent investigators thought they might be due to the camphor vapor striking the water and producing a recoil. M. Cassinajor has, says *Les Mondes*, resumed the study of the question and adopted the views of Romieu. He instances the following crucial experiment: At the same time that the bits of camphor are thrown upon the water insert a glass rod which has been rubbed with flannel; the motion immediately stops. If the electricity is removed from the rod by rubbing it with tinfoil, it loses its power of checking the eddies.

**HOTTEST CLIMATE IN THE WORLD.**—The hottest climate in the world probably occurs in the desert interior of Australia. Captain Sturt hung a thermometer on a tree shaded both from sun and wind. It was graded to 127° Fahrenheit, yet so great was the heat of the air that the mercury rose till it burst the tube, so the temperature must have been at least 128° Fahrenheit, apparently the highest ever recorded in any part of the world. For three months Captain Sturt found the mean temperature to be 101° Fahrenheit in the shade. Nevertheless, in the southern mountains and table-lands three feet of snow sometimes falls in a day; in 1876 a man was lost in the snow on the borders of New South Wales. Snow-storms have been known to last three weeks, the snow lying from four to fifteen feet in depth, burying the cattle.

**HEADLESS BUTTERFLY LAYING EGGS.**—A correspondent of a scientific journal relates the following curious circumstance: Not long ago I picked up a butterfly, probably belonging to the genus *Vanessa*. It was a female, the head of which had recently been plucked off by a bird and was lying near the body. Thinking it was dead I carried it home to examine the wing scales. On clipping off a bit of wing about four hours afterward, the legs moved, and in a short time an egg was laid. Others followed until twenty-five had been deposited. The laying ceased, and the headless mother seemed indeed dead. Next morning on touching her the motions of the legs and wings were repeated, and soon the laying was resumed. On close examination a heaving of the wings and rings of the abdomen could be observed,



with about the frequency of human breathing. At the end of twenty-nine and a half hours from the time of finding, the laying ceased; seventy-eight eggs having by that time been laid by the butterfly with her head off.

**NEW LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS.**—A new apparatus has at last been invented for the saving of life at sea which promises to be a perfect success. It is only a belt, but is, according to the result of the different tests to which it has been subjected, a most "clever" invention, as an Englishman would say. The inventor is an Englishman, the Board of Trade Surveyor at Southampton. The most searching trial the life belt had was from a body of English shipping merchants, and they gave emphasis to their indorsement by an immediate adoption of this saving apparatus on the ships they control. Ocean accidents have not lessened since the introduction of steam, and the invention of an apparatus that may serve in an emergency at sea is a great boon to humanity. We hope this belt will prove the long-looked-for savior. Its construction is very simple indeed. It consists of small air-tight copper vessels, which are so influenced by a concealed brass spring as to cause it to encircle the body, and by an ingenious and simple contrivance it becomes attached firmly, yet comfortably to the person. There are no straps or tapes required, and its application is instantaneous. It possesses a buoyancy of forty pounds and its design allows of its stowage in a great variety of ways and places on board any vessel, so that it can be always accessible.

**THE SIZE OF OUR GREAT LAKES.**—The latest measurements of our fresh water seas are as follows: The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 250 miles; its greatest breadth, 169 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 181 miles;

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its greatest breadth, 65 miles; mean depth 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The length of all five 1,265 miles, covering an area upward of 135,000 square miles.

**A NEW THEORY OF DEW.**—Professor Stockbridge, of the Amherst Agricultural College, has been making some experiments as to the origin of dew, and has arrived at conclusions somewhat different from those generally accepted. It is usually held that dew is the moisture of the air condensed through contact with objects of a lower temperature, and that it does not form till radiation has reduced the temperature of the earth. Professor Stockbridge asserts, however that dew is the result of condensation by the air of warm vapor which rises from the soil. And he embodies the result of his experiments in these propositions: 1. The vapor of the soil is much warmer at night than the air, and could be condensed by it. 2. Vapor from the soil is soon diffused and equalized in the whole atmosphere, but in the largest proportion when evaporation is taking place near the surface of the soil, and other things being equal, plants nearest the earth have the most dew. 3. Dew under hay-cocks, boards and like objects on the ground could receive it from no other source.

**A GOOD KEROSENE.**—According to Professor J. Lawrence Smith good kerosene should have the following characteristics: 1. The color should be white or light yellow, with a blue reflection. 2. The odor should be faint and not disagreeable. 3. The specific gravity, at 60° Fahrenheit, ought not to be below .795 nor above .84. 4. When mixed with an equal volume of sulphuric acid of the density of 1.53, the color ought not to become darker, but lighter. A petroleum that satisfies all these conditions, and possesses the proper flashing-point, may be regarded as pure and safe.

**RELIEF OF COLOR BLINDNESS.**—M. Delbœuf has found that if a person afflicted with color blindness looks through a layer of fuchsin in solution his infirmity disappears. A practical application of this discovery has been made by interposing between two glasses a thin layer of gelatine, previously tinted with fuchsin. By regarding objects through such a medium all the difficulties of color blindness are said to be corrected.

**WHAT LIGHTNING CAN DO TO A WATCH.**—Last Summer a lady who carried a valuable gold watch was in a house in Madrid, Maine, when it was struck by lightning. The watch stopped at the time, and although jewelers have repeatedly examined it and pronounced it perfect in every particular, it can not be made to move. It is so magnetized that watch-makers say no part of it could ever be made to do duty if taken out and put into another set of works.

**STRAW WOOD.**—An inventor in Illinois has introduced a very important invention in the building trade by the substitution of straw as a building material. America is beginning to feel the strain which is continually being made upon her forests, extensive as they are, and this new material has already attracted much

attention. Several sheets of straw-board such as is produced in a paper-mill are taken, according to the thickness of the desired block, and are then passed through a chemical solution which softens the fiber and saturates it. They are then rolled, dried, and hardened, and emerge from the machine as a compact block, hard, impervious to water and capable of taking any polish, such as of walnut-wood or mahogany. In fact, on sawing it, it is very difficult to distinguish it from real wood.

**STRAW BARRELS.**—A still further application of straw is reported from San Francisco, which will largely affect the cooperage trade. Straw pulp is made by pressure in a machine into the form of barrels and kegs, which, with their wooden hoops, weigh only about sixteen pounds each.

## RELIGIOUS.

**TOO MUCH PROPHECY.**—No one thing has more tended to throw discredit on the evidential value of prophecy than the wide-spread writings of a particular school who have employed it for the purpose of prying into the future, especially in attempting to determine the time of the advent of our Lord, and the circumstances with which it will be attended. To these the books of Daniel and Revelation have furnished a mass of material which have afforded an opportunity for an inexhaustible play of the imagination. Prophecy in their hands stands in much the same relation to sound exegesis as historical novels do to genuine history. Again and again have the most confident predictions been put forth fixing the date of the second advent, but which have been falsified by the arrival of the appointed time. Even Napoleon III has found a place in their lucubrations, but instead of acting the part assigned to him he is quietly sleeping in his grave. Nothing, however, daunts this class of writers. Let their predictions be falsified by facts ever so often, yet they invariably rally their forces. When they fix a time for our Lord's second coming, and he comes not, they then discover that the prophetic Scriptures admit of its being deferred to some more distant period, when it is

improbable that the writer will be alive to be convicted a second time of being a false prophet. It is not to be expected that doubters and unbelievers will attach much weight to the evidence of prophecy, when the argument is persistently handled in popular literature in such a manner that it makes even devout believers shrink from the entire subject.

**ONEIDA COMMUNITY'S NEW DEPARTURE.**—The orthodox fight against these communists has, after all, proved to have been for a purpose. There are croakers all over the country who pretend that a square fight with dishonesty and corruption is of no avail, and that we are too far gone ever to recover again; and yet here are the Oneida Communists, for years given over to complex marriage, and the clergy of the Church catholic rises up and says this ought not so to be, and it is undone; and finally the word goes out from the powers that be at the community near Oneida, that on and after August 28, 1879, complex marriage shall no longer be valid within their jurisdiction; and one of the most objectionable features in the faith and practice of a body claiming Christian fellowship is defunct in the twinkling of an eye and only because public opinion has been aroused and the thing can not be

tolerated any longer. So much for the strength of public opinion!

**ECUMENICAL METHODISM.**—The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in session in Baltimore in May, 1876, adopted a series of resolutions proposing an ecumenical conference of Methodism, and appointed a committee to further the design of the General Conference by correspondence and otherwise. This committee laid the matter of the proposed ecumenical conference before the representative bodies of the Methodist Protestant Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the American Wesleyan Church and the Evangelical Association of the United States; also before the representative bodies of the Methodist Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, and the Wesleyan Methodists of Great Britain. Every one of these representative assemblies has taken action in favor of an ecumenical conference of Methodism, and has appointed a committee, or provided for its appointment, to act in this business, and for the furtherance of the objects stated. It is now proposed to have a joint meeting of these committees or of their chairmen, or of some one or more persons authorized to act in their stead, to prepare a call for such ecumenical conference, determining the time and place of meeting, suggesting a basis of representation and providing for essential preliminary details. This joint meeting will be held in Cincinnati during the session of the next General Conference; and the committee above referred to express their earnest desire that it may be attended on Thursday, May 6th, not only by the representatives of the several Methodist bodies which have taken action in favor of an ecumenical conference, but also, as far as practicable, by authorized representatives of all other Methodist organizations in every part of the world.

**CHURCH OBJECTIONS.**—We copy the following sensible words from the *Church Helper*:

"It is one of the strangest disclosures of human strangeness that there should be brought to light persons who regard less their engagements and agreements with the Church than they do those which they make in the common business of life. Yet in almost every Church under the sun such persons are found. Persons they are who would scorn to break cove-

nant in a secular agreement. Their conscience would not let them do it. Yet they can break an engagement to walk with their Church, to share in its meetings, responsibilities, burdens, and ordinances, apparently without a single compunction of conscience. They can even neglect altogether the agreement thus made, for months or years, perhaps, with utter seeming indifference as to the fact that they are breaking a sacred covenant and violating their word. The reader of this has possibly known some who carried this moral indifference as to failures towards the Church so far that an honest *debt* contracted in its behalf is regarded by them as, in fact, far less binding than one owed in a business interest, or even as not binding at all. How is it that any can have one conscience in their secular matters, and such another conscience as related to the Church? Blessed is that Church member who has a good conscience towards all his covenants!"

**THE BIBLE ABROAD.**—The issues of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for the last fiscal year, were 3,340,995 volumes, showing an increase over the previous year of 397,398 volumes. As an indication of the importance of the foreign work of this Society, we note that of the 3,340,995 volumes issued during the past year, 970,071 were in English, and 2,370,924 in foreign tongues. The aggregate issues of this Society, for the 75 years of its existence, are 85,388,057 copies, in 230 languages and dialects. The following outline of the Society's foreign work of distribution the past year shows the various countries and languages in which it has taken place: In France, 434,815 copies; Belgium, 14,444; Holland, 40,490; Germany, 353,786; Austria, 290,900; Spain, 54,186; Denmark, Sweden, Norway, 171,860; Russia, Northern, 253,283; Russia, Southern, 161,116; Turkey, 39,352; Poland, 27,596; Servia, Rumania, Bulgaria, 132,642; Italy, 50,905; Portugal, 9,193; Greece, 2,242; Syria and Palestine, 1,908; Egypt, 2,759; Madagascar, 14,172; India, 177,621; Ceylon, 6,280; Africa, 28,925; South America, 10,641.

**PROTESTANT TURKEY.**—American Protestants have furnished the Turkish Empire with four excellent colleges: Robert College at Constantinople, the Syrian College at Beyroot, the Central Turkey College at Aintab, and the American College at Harpoot, two of which

are independent of missionary control, but all of which co-operate with the missions and receive missionary co-operation. During ten years fifty-nine students have been graduated from the college at Beyroot, of whom four are engaged in the college, ten are practicing medicine where good doctors are needed, two are druggists, eleven are studying medicine, and eighteen are missionary teachers, preachers, translators, etc. Forty-six have been graduated from the medical department, and five from the pharmaceutical department, and are helping build up the reputation of the college in distant parts of the empire. An alumni association was formed on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the college with much enthusiasm and many expressions of affection for their *alma mater* on the part of the graduates. Not all of these former students are professed Christians, but they owe all that they are to Christian culture, and they know it; and their employers know it, too.

**LARGE CONFERENCES.**—The Genesee Conference is, numerically, the largest in American Methodism. Its roll embraces three hundred and twenty-three itinerant preachers, and a lay membership of about thirty-five thousand Church members, six thousand Sunday-school officers and teachers, and over thirty-six thousand Sunday-school scholars.

**GROWTH OF LUTHERANISM.**—The Lutherans have in the United States about three thousand one hundred and fifty ministers, five thousand six hundred congregations, and seven hundred and twenty-five thousand communicants. They are increasing largely from the large German and Scandinavian immigration.

**RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.**—The Rev. Samuel West, a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who celebrated his hundredth anniversary February 14, 1879, died recently at Olive Branch, Ohio.

—The Wesleyan Methodist Church of Ireland has decided to raise, for the benefit of education and home and foreign missions, one hundred thousand dollars, to be called, "The Thanksgiving Fund."

—In Holland there are two million members of the Reformed Church, seventy thousand Lutherans, forty-two thousand Mennonites, six thousand Remonstrants or Arminians, four

hundred Moravians, and eighty thousand Separatists, or Old Reformed.

—The General Synod of the State Church of Prussia passed resolutions condemnatory of mixed schools and government examination of theological candidates. The majority expressed condemnatory views of Falk's policy. And why should they not? The Prussian clergy is like every other state clergy, too greatly interested in its "livings" to care much for the souls of their parishioners. Education controlled by the state means thorough work, and that such ecclesiastics are not capable of.

—A "preaching match" is announced to take place in Dalry, Scotland. Two preachers are to contend for the favorable verdict of the citizens on a stage erected in the public hall. Whether both are to preach from the same text is not stated. Walking matches having had their run in this country, would n't some ingenious Yankee try this kind of experiment this side the Atlantic?

—The government of Austria, in response to the petition presented by a deputation of the Evangelical Alliance, has finally relented of past misdeeds. It has issued an order removing the disabilities under which Protestant missions have been laboring in Bohemia, and has granted the rights and privileges asked for. Now let us see what Protestantism will do for Bohemia and other Austrian provinces, alas so long under popish influence and domination.

—Three members of the organization known in England as the "Salvation Army," have come to this country and begun to hold services in Philadelphia. Their meetings are largely attended, and numerous conversions are reported. They expect re-enforcements from England.

—The Samoan Islands have finally been entirely Christianized. Out of a population of about forty thousand some thirty-five thousand, or seven-eighths, are connected with Christian Churches. The London Missionary Society reports 26,493; the Wesleyans, 4,794; the Roman Catholics, 2,852. But what about the Mormons having gained 126 also? What a pity these people should count upon protection as American citizens, and make converts among savages to whom the bread of life is a much needed boon.



## CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

A DAY WITH JOHN BROWN.—A pretty good account has very recently been given in England of this good man, and we think it worth while to reproduce it here: "During the day he staid with me in Lawrence I had my first good opportunity to judge the old man's character. I had seen him in his camp, had seen him in the field, and he was always an enigma, a strange compound of enthusiasm and cold, methodic stolidity—a volcano beneath a mountain of snow. He told me of his experiences as a wool-merchant and manufacturer in Ohio, and of his travels in Europe. I soon discovered that his tastes ran in a military rather than a commercial channel. He had visited many of the fortifications in Europe, and criticized them sharply, holding that the modern system of warfare did away with them, and that a well-armed, brave soldier was the best fortification. He criticised all the arms then in use, and showed me a fine specimen of repeating rifle which had long range sights, and, he said, would carry eight hundred yards; but, he added, the way to fight was to press to close quarters. He had two small pamphlets or circulars, one he had had printed on the armies and military systems of Europe; the other was addressed to the soldiers of the United States army, and was an odd mixture of advice as to discipline and soldierly habits, and wound up by advising them to desert whenever there was an attempt made to use them against a free government and human liberty. He looked upon passing political movements as mere preliminaries or adjuncts to more important events in the future. With him men were nothing, principles every thing. In his ordinary moods the man seemed so rigid, stern, and unimpressible when I first knew him that I never thought a poetic and impulsive nature lay behind that cold exterior. The whispering of the wind on the prairie was full of voices to him, and the stars as they shone in the firmament of God seemed to inspire him. 'How admirable is the symmetry of the heavens; how grand and beautiful! Every thing moves in sublime harmony in the government of God. Not so with us poor creatures. If one star is more brilliant

than others it is continually shooting in some erratic way into space.' One of the most interesting things in his conversation that night, and one that marked him as a theorist (and, perhaps, to some extent he might be styled a visionary), was his treatment of our forms of social and political life. He thought society ought to be organized on a less selfish basis; for while material interests gained something by the deification of pure selfishness, man and woman lost much by it. He said that all great reforms like the Christian religion were based on broad, generous, self-sacrificing principles. He condemned the sale of land as a chattel, and thought that there were an infinite number of wrongs to right before society would be what it should be, but that in his country slavery was the 'sum of all villainies,' and its abolition the first essential work. If the American people did not take courage and end it speedily, human freedom and republican liberty would soon be empty names in the United States."

THE FLAVOR OF ANIMAL FOOD IS VARIABLE.—A notable fact in relation to the peculiar food giving a flavor to the flesh of animals, such as muddy weeds to that of fish, fish to wild ducks, acorns to the flesh of pork, and many other instances, is most remarkable in the case of parrots. We are assured by those who, living in South Africa, have frequently eaten of parrots, that the delicacy of the flesh varies from a luxury to positive rejection during certain seasons of the year. When the delicious guava is ripe they are sapid and fat; the seed of the acenjon imparts a slight and not disagreeable *soupeon* of garlic; spicy seeds give not only the flavor but an aroma of cinnamon, cloves, etc., and all berries give a peculiar quality to their flesh. They are, moreover, wine-bibbers. We had a parrot which had contracted that habit at the passengers' dinner-table on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers. He would watch the guests retire, and go round and "heel-tap" every glass as dry as any servant-man. The seed of the cotton tree is the parrot's especial weakness, and will intoxicate it in the same

manner as alcohol does man. Dealers are said to be giving parrots a like stimulant previous to showing them to a customer, as it has the effect of making them loquacious.

**A HALF-BOOT.**—A pretty good story is told of the great English statesman and orator, Lord Brougham, the man who in himself gathered the history of his times. This anecdote tells of one of Brougham's earliest appearances as an advocate. It was in behalf of a man who was accused of stealing a pair of boots. The evidence as to the theft was conclusive, but Brougham contended that his client must be acquitted, the articles stolen being half-boots, which, he argued, were not boots any more than a half-guinea was a guinea, or half a loaf a whole one. Lord Eskgrove, knowing his man, guessed that he was being played upon, so without asking the prosecuting counsel to reply, he at once overruled the objection, saying, "I am of opinion that 'boot' is a *nomen generale*, comprehending a half-boot. The moon is always the moon, although sometimes she is a half-moon."

#### NEW METHOD FOR PRESERVING THE DEAD.

—Our consul-general at Berlin reports a German invention for preserving the dead. In three thousand grammes of boiling water there are dissolved one hundred grammes of alum, twenty-five grammes of cooking salt, twelve grammes of saltpeter, sixty grammes of potash, and ten grammes of arsenic acid. When the mixture is cool it is filtered, and to every ten litres of it four litres of glycerine and one of methylic alcohol are added. Bodies saturated and impregnated with this liquid are said to resist decomposition very well.

#### THE DERIVATION OF THE WORD MONEY.

The derivation of the words relating to money and commerce is interesting and instructive. "Pecuniary" takes us back to the times when value was reckoned by so many head of cattle. The word "money" is from *moneta*, because in Rome coins were first regularly struck in the temple of Juno Moneta, which again was derived from *Monere*, to warn, because it was built on the spot where Manlius heard the Gauls approaching to the attack of the city. "Coin" is probably from the Latin *cuneus*, a die or stamp. Many coins are merely so-called from their weight, as, for instance, our pound,

the French livre, Italian lira; others from the metal, as the "aureus," the "rupee" from the Sanskrit "rupya," silver; others from the design, as the angel, the teston from *teste* or *tête*, a head; others from the head of the state, as the sovereign, crown; others from the proper name of the monarch, such as the daric, from Darius, the philip, louis-d'or, or the napoleon. The dollar or thaler is short for the Joachimsthaler, or money of the Joachim's valley in Bohemia, where these coins were first struck in the sixteenth century. Guineas were called after the country from which the gold was obtained, and the "franc" is an abbreviation of the inscription *Francorum Rex*. The "son" is from the Latin *Solidus*. The word shilling appears to be derived from a root signifying to divide; and in several cases the name indicates the fraction of some larger coin, as the denarius, half-penny, farthing, cent, and mill. The pound was originally not a coin, but a weight, and comes from the Latin *pondus*. Our pound was originally a pound of silver, which was divided into two hundred and forty pennies. The origin of the word penny is unknown. Some have derived it from *pendo*, to weigh; but this does not seem very satisfactory. Our word "sterling" is said to go back to the time of the Conquest, but the derivation has been much disputed. Some have supposed that it was first attributed to coins struck at Stirling, but for this there is not the slightest evidence; others that the name was derived from coins having a star on the obverse, but no coins which could have given rise to such a name are known. The most probable suggestion is that it has reference to the Easterling, or North German merchants.

**WONDERFUL CURES.**—Sir Humphrey Davy was once tempted into playing a practical joke by way of testing the curative power of the imagination. When the properties of nitrous oxide were discovered, Dr. Beddoes, jumping to a conclusion that it must be a specific for paralysis, chose a subject upon whom to try it, and Sir Humphrey consented to administer the gas. Before doing so, Davy desiring to note the degree of animal temperature, placed a small thermometer under the paralytic's tongue. Thanks to Dr. Beddoes, the poor fellow felt sure of being cured by the new process,

although utterly in the dark as to the nature of it. Fancying that the thermometer was the magical instrument which was to make a new man of him, he no sooner felt it under his tongue than he declared that it acted like a charm throughout his body. Sir Humphrey wickedly accepted the cue, and day after day for a fortnight went through the same simple ceremony, when he was able conscientiously to pronounce the patient cured. M. Volcicelli, a Roman physician, played a similar trick upon some of his hospital patients, who were greatly affected whenever powerful magnets were brought near them. Placing them under exactly the same conditions to all appearances, but taking particular care to exclude magnetic influence, he found that every one of them was disturbed in the same degree as when the magnets were actually employed.

SLEEPY HOLLOW, that last resting-place of our immortal and inimitable Washington Irving, is soon to be filled with the racket and cinders of passing railway trains. The visitor whose heart has been drawn towards the loveliest haunts of America's greatest prose writer has been able to stroll from the river bank at "Sunnyside," to glance at the Episcopal church where the funeral services were held, to stop at the sexton's house and see the time-worn communion service, to cross the Headless Horseman's bridge, to linger beside the mill and the quaint Dutch church, to listen to the creaking of the aspens and willows in Sleepy Hollow, and finally to read the very simplest inscription recorded upon any of its tombstones, marking by its simplicity the most famous grave in the cemetery, and at the same time to breathe the very atmosphere of somnolent quietude which invested this whole region with its character and name. There is to be a new steam railway to run from High Bridge to Brewster's, which will traverse Sleepy Hollow, and already the historic mill along that roadside has been made to do duty in this new enterprise by turning out ties for the road-bed.

THE DISCIPLINE OF EDUCATION.—We are convinced that the requirements of the schools, the mental training which comes of a study of the ancient languages and the higher mathematics are far from being so completely disciplinary as the ordinary experiences of the

professions and the trades. The lawyer in his practice soon gains the power of concentration, and is fairly compelled to bring his mind under the control of his will, his discipline being more thorough, more exacting, more sustained than any that can be invented by college systems. The daily experience of the physician is likewise sufficient in bringing all the functions of the mind into subordination and under control. It is only by sustained effort and severe concentration that the man of letters can succeed; the painter and the poet are helpless if their intellectual powers are not fully at their command. It will be said here that the exact purpose of college discipline is to prepare men for these exacting duties. But, in our observation, training at college bears so small proportion to that which comes with the competitions of life that it is scarcely traceable. We have always noticed that men whose necessities force them to bend their energies to work are the men who hold themselves well in hand, and that other men usually have little power of application; that is, the classification does not distinguish between educated and uneducated men, but between working and non-working men. In the list of men who have attained success, or contributed notably to the world's advance, it is not found that those who have exhibited remarkable mental power and intellectual self-command are specially on the side of the university class. Three of the most conspicuous men in English philosophy and science—Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall—have developed their remarkable powers from the impulses of their natural gifts and not by the aid of college discipline or classical guiding. Perhaps their labors would have been easier under a thorough preparatory course—that is not easy to gainsay—but the fact remains that in the pursuit of their several ends they have brought their mental forces under complete and perfect control.

ZULU BEER.—*Manzi* is the Kaffir word for water, and the fact that it forms an affix for many Kaffir and Zulu names, such as *Dabulamanzi*, for instance, is a proof of the store which is set by this too often scarce commodity in those regions. The Kaffirs supplement their water and milk with beer, and in Natal it is contrary to law to sell, or even give, a

Kaffir spirits, though with regard to coolies and other colored folks this restriction does not apply. It seems a part of the utter want of system, that up to now prevails in the colony, that no sooner has a Kaffir crossed the Buffalo and set foot in the Transvaal, than he may buy as much liquor as he pleases; and the quantity of ardent spirits these people can drink with apparent impunity would hardly be credited if it were not a proved and notorious fact. Drink that would madden a white man has little or no effect upon the Kaffir; and a recent traveler among them writes that within his experience he has known of two soldiers dying within twenty-four hours of each other from drinking the poison known as Cape smoke, the same quantity of which, he was told, would only have imparted an agreeably comforting sensation to the tough Kaffir interior. Their beer, however, is drunk in moderate quantities. An innocuous fluid enough, thick, and slightly acid, not exactly nasty, though hardly agreeable to European tastes, especially when you are called upon to put your lips to the bowl which has previously gone the round of some hundred Kaffir ladies and gentlemen. It is not particularly heady, as it takes a whole day for the Kaffirs assembled at any festivity to get drunk upon it.

GREEK CENSUS.—The census of Greece has recently been taken, and as a rapid increase in population is almost always, in civilized countries, an indication of the material well-being of the inhabitants, it is satisfactory to know that this little kingdom has grown in numbers at quite a remarkable rate, for its population is now 1,679,775, or just about twice what it was in 1838, when the first national census was taken. The increase at and around the capital, Athens, is even more marked than in the country at large. Athens forty years ago was little better than a village, the effect of the Turkish rule being to keep down the size of the provincial towns. At that time there were no people who could properly be said to represent the Piræus. Ten years ago, however, Athens had 48,000 inhabitants, and the part of Piræus had 11,000. Now the capital city has a population of 74,000, and its maritime adjunct claims 22,000. In the census returns taken during the early days of the country under its pres-

ent government, little attempt was made to determine the national wealth; but still property has increased in amount and value much faster than the population.

AN IRISH ADVERTISEMENT.—“Mr. Hendrick’s devoir to the gentry of Limerick. Would be elated to assign his attention for the instruction of eight or ten pupils, to attend on their houses every second day, to teach the French language, geography on the principles of astronomy, traversing the globe by sea or land on the rudiments of a right angle, with a variety of pleasing problems, attached to manners, customs, etc., of different countries, trade and commerce; phenomena on volcanoes, thunder, lightning, sound, etc. Such as please to continue may advance through a course of natural philosophy, and those proficient in French may be taught the above in that language. N. B.—At intervals would instruct in the Italian language.

“J. HENDRICK, Philomathos.”

SOME PARLIAMENTARY BULLS.—Miss Edgeworth tells us of an English baronet who proposed in the preamble of a bill that certain regulations should take place “on every Monday (Tuesday excepted).” This needless exception was equaled, however, by an act which Lord Palmerston assures us, provided for the possibility of Good Friday happening to fall on a Sunday. Another bill proposed to be introduced was one to repress suicide by making it a capital offense. An Irish member is said to have moved the addition to a bill for restricting the liberty of the press of a clause to compel the names of the authors to be printed on the title-pages of all anonymous works.

LITERATURE AND THE PRESS.—A party of Boston literary gentlemen met a few evenings since “to celebrate the union between literature and the press.” Just what has happened to make the present time especially opportune for such a “celebration,” or why these Boston gentlemen were particularly called upon to provide it, or, indeed, exactly what is meant by “the union between literature and the press,” we are unable to say. We do not know how it is in Boston, but in these parts, and, indeed, in all enlightened parts of the world, literature and the press have been in union for some time.



## LITERATURE.

Mr. S. G. W. BENJAMIN has heretofore been a valuable contributor to the literature of art, especially in his two volumes, respectively entitled "Contemporary Art in Europe," and "What is Art?" To these two he now adds still another, which it may be presumed will prove still more largely a success than either of its predecessors,—a sketch of *Art in America*, both historical and descriptive.\* The record here given of painting in our early times is certainly very creditable, with the names of Stuart, Sully, Trumbull, Allston, and Rembrandt Peale as chief representatives, while the last half century has been especially fertile in this department of art, with such names as Inman, Huntington, Weir, Cole, Durand, Kensett, Church, and Bierstadt, as chiefs among a great multitude quite worthy to be mentioned, extending in our author's table of contents to nearly a hundred. Mr. Benjamin has that indispensable quality of a good delineator, an admiration for his theme; but this excellence may by its excess become a fault, for indiscriminate praise is without value. The wood-cut reproductions of some of the chief works of the artists named are of only such a degree of excellence as may be seen in the magazine, in which relation most of them have, perhaps, done service. A careful and discriminating study of our chief painters may detect some little tendency towards an American style in their productions, though, for the most part, they only reproduce from foreign models. This work, it may be hoped, will render a good service by introducing the subject of which it treats among those whose lack of opportunities forbids them to study the works here described.

MANY of our readers will readily recall the pleasure given them by reading Mr. Thomas W. Knox's "Camp-fires and Cotton-fields," and his "Overland through Asia." And all such will be glad to learn that he is again before the public in his own specialty, and in a wide and highly important field, which is just now attracting a large share of attention. In

\*ART IN AMERICA. A Critical and Historical Sketch. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 214.

the form of a record of the adventures and observations of two "Boy Travelers in the Far East,"\* which, professedly fictitious only as to the persons introduced and the incidents of travels detailed, gives in the pleasing form of personal narratives a great amount of valuable information respecting affairs in Japan and China, as they exist and are transpiring at this time. Though apparently simply a romance of adventures, it is, in fact, a book of real travels, the routes passed over, the cities visited, the excursions performed, and the observations made being all real, the writer himself being the traveler as well as the chronicler of his own adventures. The book is valuable as an additional contribution to our rapidly increasing aggregate of intelligences respecting the two great peoples of the Orient, our antipodes, which, so long shut up from our Western world, have now become so completely open to our inspection. The form and style of the book will prove especially attractive to young persons for whom it is specifically intended, though older ones may use it to their own advantage. The illustrations, wood-cuts, are very many and of superior character.

THE BIBLE-READERS' COMMENTARY, of which the Old Testament portion was issued some time ago, is now completed by the publication of the New Testament in two large volumes, well printed on good paper, making altogether handsome and readable books.† The plan of this work is unique, but, therefore, the less to be praised. It is neither critical nor formally expository, neither textual nor discursive, and yet it is well adapted to its purpose of bringing out the sense and the spirit of the text. In the first volume, comprising the four Gospels, the sacred narrative is harmonized, and the whole matter divided into convenient sections. The same method

\*THE BOY TRAVELERS IN THE FAR EAST. Adventures of Two Youths to Japan and China. By Mr. Thomas W. Knox, Author, etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo.

†THE BIBLE READERS' COMMENTARY. The New Testament in Two Volumes. Volume I. The Fourfold Gospel. Volume II. The Acts, The Epistles, and The Revelation. Prepared by J. Glentworth Butler, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Imperial Octavo. Pp. 685 and 881.

as to the sections is also pursued in the second volume, which comprises the Acts, the Apostolical Epistles, and the Apocalypse; but as only one discourse is considered at once, the harmonizing is not called for. The peculiarity of the work is that instead of original criticisms and expositions, the author presents with each subject choice paragraphs selected with evident care and from a very wide range, of authorities, commentators, theological writers, essayists, and preachers. Altogether these make up a rare collection of gems, and as practically valuable as they are beautiful; and by the skill exercised in their selection and application as called for by the matter in hand, they form a continuous exposition and application of the text. The work is evidently not designed simply for critical use, but for "Bible Readers," such as go to their Bibles to find food for the soul. To such it presents very decided advantages. It is beautifully and somewhat liberally illustrated with landscapes, maps, and diagrams.

WE can conceive of no higher pleasure within the whole range of literature as a species of the fine arts than must arise from the study of the Greek poets by any one capable of such an exercise. In no other department of art, it may be safely declared, has the human genius attained to a greater degree of perfection or achieved higher or more lasting results. These productions have come down to our times having survived the millennium of the eclipse of taste and culture, and as they were among the most effective agencies in the Renaissance, so they are now among the most valuable possessions of the culture of our times. It is not at all strange, therefore, that scholarly men who have the leisure to do so, make special studies of these admirable works. Such a production we have now in hand, a revised and recent edition of two volumes issued some years ago but now rearranged and largely rewritten. The author seems to be admirably adapted both by scholarship and taste to his work, which, evidently he has engaged in and pursued as a labor of love. And the reader, in order to appreciate and enjoy what he has written with so much true heartiness, must also have in some small degree the same adaptations. But so successfully and happily has the spirit of Greek muses been

transferred to the author's English that readers unlearned in the originals may detect much of their peculiar aroma in these "Studies."<sup>\*</sup>

THE inhabitants of our country appear to be just coming to appreciate the fact that they occupy the abandoned seats of an older and most thoroughly prehistoric civilization. Eastward of the Alleghanies comparatively few of the monuments of that civilization are found, but in the Great West, all the way from the Gulf to the Lakes, and from one mountain base to the other, they abound, while farther west are found the remains of another and somewhat less obscure civilization, evidently akin to the Aztec. This whole subject is still an unexplored field for the antiquarian and the ethnologist, with only enough brought to light to awaken expectation and to incite to more thorough and intelligent investigation. A contribution to this subject has recently been made in the form of a portly volume compiled by a gentleman of Ohio, whose attention appears to have been drawn to it by the mounds and other prehistoric monuments found in that State. In the present state of the subject little more can be done than to collect facts and materials for future use, and so far as this is done a real service is rendered to science. It is yet too early to construct theories in explanation of what is actually known, and, indeed, an entirely new department of archaeology must be created before the problem of the "North Americans of Antiquity"<sup>†</sup> will be solved. And it will be through labors of such pioneers as the author of this volume that such a science will at length become a possibility.

REV. T. A. GOODWIN, whose book on "The Mode of Man's Immortality"<sup>‡</sup> (denying the resurrection of the material body) was published several years ago, and then called out some pretty sharp criticisms, and subjected its

<sup>\*</sup>STUDIES IN THE GREEK POETS. By John Addington Symonds. Author of "Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe," etc. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 486 and 419.

<sup>†</sup>THE NORTH AMERICANS OF ANTIQUITY, Their Origin, Migrations, and Type of Civilization Considered. By John T. Short. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 544.

<sup>‡</sup>THE MODE OF MAN'S IMMORTALITY, or the When, Where, and How of the Future Life. By Rev. T. A. Goodwin, A. M. (of Indianapolis.) Third Edition. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 12mo. Pp. 264.

author to an ecclesiastical trial for heresy, seems not to be at all daunted or discouraged in his work of iconoclasm. A third edition of his book has just appeared, revised, enlarged, and very decidedly improved, making it altogether a decidedly respectable affair both as a literary production and as a polemic. Since the first edition appeared two of our bishops have entered the same field of discussion; but widely apart in their conclusions. Yet he goes a little beyond the more advanced of the two. He succeeds pretty well in adjusting his no-bodily-resurrection theory with Scripture, but not so well in getting rid of an intermediate state of departed souls and a real resurrection, *after a time*, not from the literal grave but from *Hades*, which seems to be pretty clearly taught in the New Testament. His idea of the resurrection appears to be simply *life after death*, very nearly the same that was held and taught by George Fox and his followers. But to our seeming this does not meet all the requirements of Christ's "coming again." Were the book a little less slang-whanging in its style it would better comport with the awfully important subject which it so ably discusses. But notwithstanding this serious fault it a valuable production and we doubt not that it is doing good. A rehearing of the subject had become a necessity, and, perhaps, it is here given in as unobjectionable a form as could have been expected.

*The Winter's Tale* is the last to appear of Mr. Rolfe's admirable edition of Shakespeare's plays.\* The play itself is recognized as one of the most elaborately finished of all the productions of the great dramatist, ranking in the same class with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Tempest." It is rightly classed as a comedy, and yet it is quiet and even delicate, and quite free from the broad humor, and especially so of the grossness, that too often distinguishes and disfigures comedies. As in all that has gone before, so here, we find the editor's work rendered with great ability and with evident conscientiousness. This edition, now so well advanced,—fifteen plays have been issued,—will certainly take rank among the best ever issued; and for a thorough and

painstaking study of the works of Shakespeare we know of no other altogether its equal.

THE plan of the "International Sunday-school Lessons," though open to some serious objections, has also very decided and probably preponderating excellences as compared with any that it has superseded. Among these is the fact that, as a great many schools are pursuing the same lessons simultaneously, more ample provisions may be made in the way of text-books for those lessons. Accordingly we have a thoroughly prepared commentary,\* issued some time since, for the lessons for 1880. The first impression made by glancing over its pages is that it is quite too elaborate for those for whom it is designed. But since it is not expected that Sunday-school children will use them without the help of teachers and parents, this difficulty may be obviated. It is, in fact, all that a Sunday-school teacher will need in preparing for the school room and the recitation. The explanations of the text are clear and concise, and suited to their purposes; and the selected verbal illustrations appear to be judiciously made. Altogether it is a valuable contribution to the provision for the best kind of Sunday-school teaching.

THE Book Agents at New York (Phillips & Hunt) appear to have taken hold of the juvenile and holiday book business with a strong hand, and the result is some decidedly fine books of that kind.

*Light for Little Ones* (compiled by Martha Van Marter) is a square octavo of 344 pages filled up with childish stories and poems, and almost innumerable pictures, great and small, and will not fail to please.

Next we have, in the same form, *The Blossom Books*, ten in number,—*Bud and Blossom*, *The Pansy Bed*, *The Children's Hour*, *The Daisy Chain*, *A Summer Wreath*, *The May Flower*, *Dew of the Morning*, *White Lily*, *Little Rose Bud*, *Work and Play* (32 pages each),—made up very much after the style of the larger one before noticed.

*Glenwood*, by Julia K. Bloomfield (18mo., pp. 324), is a "story," according to the "regula-

\* SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF THE WINTER'S TALE. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

\* THE LESSON COMMENTARY on the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1880. By Rev. John H. Vincent, D. D., and Rev. J. L. Huribut. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 8vo. Pp. 252.

tion" pattern, fairly good of its kind. No doubt that it will be called for.

*The Boys' Pocket Library.*—24mo volumes, bound in cloth. III. *Men of Iron*—Three Great Pottery, The Prussian Vase (pp. 288). IV. *Popular Delusions*—The Mississippi Scheme, The South Sea Bubble, The Tulip Mania, The Oil Mania, The Crusades (pp. 258). V. *Strange People*—The Love of the Marvelous, The Thugs, Alchemists (pp. 263). A valuable little library, 45 cents each.

DURING the past year there has appeared in monthly installments in *Harper's Magazine*, and also in one or more in Europe, a story entitled *Young Mrs. Jardine*, of much more than ordinary merit, as, indeed, the name of its writer, Mrs. Craig, gave cause to anticipate would be the case. But, probably, not all who have handled the monthly issues of Harper have taken this story in its monthly fragments. We never do so. Such, as well as many others, will be pleased to have the whole embodied in a volume,\* well printed, in fair type, and on beautiful white paper,—just as it appears in its new setting. We are usually chary in recommending novels; but this is a really good one, and even the scrupulous may use it to advantage. Others, of course, will devour it.

THE CARTERS issue as holiday books, but not unsuitable for any other season, two neat little demi-quartos, in illustrated cloth covers—*Pickles*, by Yotty Osborn (pp. 168), and *Pinafore Days*, the Adventures of Fred and Dolly by Wood and Wave (pp. 101)—good and pleasant books for children.

THOSE who know the history of the Hebrew nation only as they learn it from the canonical Scriptures almost necessarily fail to appreciate the state of that people as they appear in the New Testament. During the period from the latest dates of the Old Testament canon to the coming of Christ very important events took place among them, of which some accounts are given in the Apocryphal books, and still more by Josephus. The people among whom Christ came, and both their political and ecclesiastical estate, dated back only about a hundred

or a hundred and fifty years; and clearly to apprehend very many of the references and partial statements of the New Testament they and their affairs must be understood. A valuable help for this study will be afforded by the little work\* just now issued, giving a complete and pretty full, though concise, history of the Jewish people during the period between the two Testaments, and especially during the reign of Judas Maccabæus. It is thoroughly learned and scholarly, yet popular in its style, and so natural and easy in its methods that it may be readily understood by the technically "unlearned." It is, indeed, a highly valuable little work.

ROBERT CARTER & BROS. continue to send forth their usual variety of new books—both originals and reprints—for all classes of readers who desire good and wholesome reading. A new and cheaper, but not a poorer, edition of Dr. Prime's *Songs of the Soul*† first claims attention. The book is a well known and general favorite, presenting a cluster of the very best of the minor religious poetry of the language—not the usual hymns as found in Church hymn-books, but a class of poems adapted rather to the closet or the leisure hour or to the family reading circle. The collector, in a prefatory "note," after thanking the public for the favor with which the work has been received, expresses his pleasure in view of the fact that in this plainer form the book will be within the reach of many who could not pay for one of the former and more costly edition. It is, indeed, a most excellent collection of poems, and quite worthy of a place in every household.

AMONG the holiday books for the season, designed especially for children, R. Worthington (750 Broadway, New York) presents *Chatterbox, Junior*, an imitation in kind and appearance (but wholly distinct in its matter) of its English Senior, and in no wise its inferior in quality. The reading-matter is good and the pictures fair and the whole judiciously made up.

The same publisher also offers two decidedly

\*JUDAS MACCABÆUS and the Jewish War of Independence. By Claude Reignier Couder, R. E. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo. Pp. 218.

†SONGS OF THE SOUL, Gathered out of Many Lands and Ages. By Samuel Irenæus Prime. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 661. \$2.00.

\*YOUNG MRS. JARDINE. A Novel. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 414.



pleasant children's books) demi-quartos, in board covers, illustrated), *Merry Songs for Merry Singers*, and *Little Rosebud's Menagerie*. Both of these are of the kind of books that children value, and they are entirely unobjectionable in all their contents. Though specially adapted to the holiday season, they are quite suitable for all times of the year.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co. have issued a new edition of that ever-welcome and perennial classic, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, in a neat duodecimo, "freely illustrated," with a Memoir and Macaulay's "Essay;" and, best of all, without notes. It is just about such a copy of the immortal allegory as sensible people will desire.

The same publishers give us *Old Friends and New* (18mo, pp. 269), by Sarah O. Jewett, seven stories, exceedingly well told, and of wholesome tendency. Readers of "Deephaven," and "Play Days," formerly published books by the same author, will desire to possess this also.

THE *Franklin Square Library* made a harvest month of November, as will appear by the fol-

lowing list of its issues: 88. *High Spirits*, by James Payn. 89. *The Mistletoe Bough*, for Christmas, 1879, by Miss Braddon. 90. *The Egoist*; A Comedy in Narrative, by George Meredith. 91. *The Bells of Penraven*, by B. L. Farjeon. 92. *A Few Months in New Guinea*, by Octavius C. Stone, F. R. G. S. 93. *A Doubting Heart*, by Annie Keary. 94. *Little Miss Primrose*, by the author of "St. Olaves," etc. 95. *Donna Quixotte*, by Justin M'Carthy. Some of the numbers of this series are works of real merit, and in this form the same matter that would fill a volume may be had for ten or fifteen cents. Cheapening literature seems just here to have reached its *ne plus ultra*.

*Old David's Lassie*; or, *Lost and Found*. By Gretchen (Carter & Bros., 18mo., pp. 128), is a lively and sadly pleasant Scotch story, and, as the publishers' imprint seems to warrant, of good and wholesome character.

*Pebbles by the Brook*, Sermons to children. By Rev. Richard Newton, D. D. Same publishers. 18mo. Pp. 312. Excellently adapted to the designed purpose.

## EX CATHEDRA.

### ABOUT NEW BISHOPS.

ONE of the first questions asked, when the action of the coming General Conference is spoken of, relates to the episcopacy. Shall we have more bishops? If so, how many? Will the claims of the Germans and the colored people for one or more of their classes be heeded? Who are the persons most suitable or most likely to be chosen? All these are important questions, and it is certainly proper that they should be considered, and the whole subject of which they are parts thoroughly canvassed.

It is only an irrational and a sickly sentimentality that would forbid the fair and open discussion of this subject before the whole Church, and it should be done sufficiently long in advance to allow the response from the Church to reach the body in which the work is to be done. We, however, have learned to expect very little in this direction even from the constituent bodies, the annual conferences; and nothing from our principal Church

papers,—with whom silence on all great Church questions has become a settled line of policy. We used to hear, in our childhood days, a kind of wise saying, which ran, "Little folks should be seen and not heard," but we had not expected to see it so rigidly carried into practice in these later days. [The "littleness" in this case is only relative, as the Alps are low beside the Himalayas.]

To the first question, answers in both directions are given. On the negative side, we are told that no more bishops are needed to do their proper work,—to preside at the conferences; that with a little over eighty conferences, in this country, each requiring a week's work for a bishop, even were the working force of the episcopacy reduced to the equivalent of seven men, there would be only twelve weeks of labor per year for each. The episcopal visitations to foreign missions, it is claimed, have been overdone, and should be abated, and by a wise distribution of the episcopal residences, and of the conferences to be presided over by each, it is

believed that the amount of traveling could be very considerably shortened, thus saving valuable time and labor and money. Then we are reminded that, as the collections for the support of the bishops are less than the demand, and as they are not increasing, it is proper that the question of support should enter into this discussion. Already the episcopal fund is largely indebted to the Book Concern,—and that indebtedness is steadily growing larger; and, as the feeling of the Church is unmistakably opposed to further using the funds of the Book Concern for that purpose, any proposed augmentation of the episcopal force necessarily suggests the question of ways and means. If, therefore, it could be deemed practicable properly to carry on the work with the present force, the problem would be most readily solved by electing no more.

We have heard another and somewhat unusual objection, but not unworthy of consideration. If elections are to be made, all will grant that only the best men should be selected; and when one looks about for such eligible candidates, they are found in places that can ill afford to lose them. The episcopacy may be conceded to be the most important position in the Church, and, therefore, its recruits should be called, when needed, from any other; but still there may be peculiarities of times and conditions that seem to form exceptions to this rule. Dr. Fisk was elected a bishop, and he declined the position (the solitary case in all our history), alleging, as his reason for so doing, that the interests of collegiate education in the Church at that time, and especially of Wesleyan University, presented a paramount claim for his services. If, therefore, that plea was good, in that case, it would be quite as good at the present time; and yet if new bishops are to be chosen, some of our chief institutions of learning would be likely, probably *ought*, to lose their heads. A delay of four years might, perhaps, resolve this difficulty to the satisfaction of all parties, and to the general advantage.

The arguments in favor of electing additional bishops are simple, direct, and obvious. Since 1872, when the last elections occurred, the force has lost two of its efficient workers by death, and, of the ten who remain, age and disease will require a deduction from their number and working force equal to from two to four more for the next quadrennium. To

supply this falling off, five new men would be needed to restore the body to the effective power of eight years ago. This is the simple statement of the case, and from these facts must be drawn the arguments in favor of electing new bishops. We simply present them, and that is, perhaps, the most effective putting of the case. If the policy that prevailed eight years ago is to be continued, five new bishops will be needed. Whether or not the General Conference will conclude that the interests of the Church will require all this increase, or, indeed, any part of it, is not for us to prophesy.

But what about electing bishops from among the German and the colored ministers of the Church? We sometimes hear it said, "Show me the right man, in either of these classes, such a one as would be altogether eligible, were he an American white man, and I have no objection to his election." This answer entirely mistakes the case. It is quite impossible to ignore the differences of race and nationalities among us, and to assure the less numerous classes who may also have cause to suspect that they are exposed to some degree of race prejudices, it may be needful to raise some of them to the highest places in the Church. Personal fitness has never been the only consideration in choosing our bishops; and in political life, locality, nationality, and race, are all taken into the account. Why should they not be in this case? Both the Germans and the colored people are severally sufficiently numerous to entitle each of them, in view of their numbers, to a representative in the "Board" of Bishops. Nor are they so destitute of properly qualified ministers that they could not present candidates altogether worthy to be the peers of those with whom they would, if elected, be associated. Why, then, must their natural claims be disallowed?

To the last question, Who are the persons to be chosen? of course we shall not attempt to answer more explicitly than we have already done. We want able and educated men; devout, sound in the faith, good preachers, good administrators, unselfish, not easily puffed up, with a good physique, sound in body, not especially eccentric either in thought or action, and really of such greatness of character, that getting into a large place will not upset them. All this we want in our candidates—if, indeed, we want any.

## THE PRESIDENT AND THE FINANCES.

THE President of the United States in his late message to Congress discusses the financial questions of the day with equal clearness and force. It is refreshing to see how quietly but effectually he sweeps away, by a few common-sense truisms, the clouds of fog and finesse in which ignorance and demagogism have enveloped this whole subject. And all this is the more encouraging because, although the President himself has uniformly sustained sound financial doctrines in all his public utterances, yet his administration, as represented by the Secretary of the Treasury, has not always sustained the same views. It may be devoutly hoped that hereafter there will be but one voice on this subject in administration circles, and that the whole influence of the executive department of the government will favor the policy set forth in the President's message.

Perhaps no other social institution, or outgrowth, rather, is at once so strictly a development, and so entirely incapable of change by arbitrary power, as are the laws of trade, and especially those that relate to the use of representatives of value—money. A complicated and closely compacted system, embracing all these things, is found pervading and permeating the whole world of mankind, except only the rudest savages, whose authority is above that of congresses and parliaments, whose laws should be studied rather than amended; and according to its requirements alone can financial affairs be transacted. By that system certain metals have been accepted as mediums of exchange; but the values of these in respect to each other, and of each to other commodities, are still subject to the paramount laws of demand and supply. As no legislation can fix the relations of gold and silver to corn or cotton or any commodity, so the relative values of these two metals can not be determined by the statute.

The utterances of the President indicate that, consciously or otherwise, he recognizes these facts and feels their force. He also seems to be aware, as some of those nearest to him officially do not seem to be, that it is not for single states or countries to say what shall be the laws of the commercial world. The political sovereignty may decree what substances shall be made the currency of its own dominion, but it can not fix the status of its

"fiat money" in the world's markets. Were ours an isolated country, effectually shut out from the commerce of the whole world, then might Congress dictate what commodities should be used as money,—wherever payments are made under the authority of the courts,—the stamp of the government, and not the value of the material, determining its paying power. In such a case all that would be requisite would be that counterfeiting should be guarded against, and that the quantity issued should not exceed the public demands. But we are not such an isolated community; but, on the contrary, we are commercially an integral portion of an indivisible unity, whose laws spring out of its own conditions and defy the impotent intermeddlings of civil legislators. We are, therefore, compelled to regulate our finances by the standards accepted by the *consensus* of the commonwealth of nations.

The two invariable attributes of a sound and available currency are its *universality*,—accepted and used by the whole commercial world,—and its *stability*,—continuing the same, or changing only by its own silent actions. For centuries both gold and silver were so used; and because the relative values of the two metals were usually proximately uniform the duality of the metallic standard caused no great inconvenience. But within the not remote past the relative values of these metals have changed, and by the common consent of the mercantile world gold only is now the accepted standard; and to this our own government must practically assent, or suffer the consequences of futile efforts to legislate in opposition to the resistless laws of trade.

The whole people are to be congratulated that they have at the head of the government one whose eyes and feels the force of these things, and who has the courage to give formal utterance to his convictions. And yet we are compelled to ask, somewhat doubtfully, Will he be true to his own convictions, and use his legitimate powers to bring the government to the right action in this matter? That there is any room for such questionings is matter for regret, and yet there are not a few that would be very glad to know that they may be answered affirmatively. It requires courage as well as honesty to enable one charged with high and complicated responsibilities to sink the partisan in

favor of the intelligent and conscientious public functionary. The best class of our people are waiting the determination of these questions with a very lively interest.

#### GENERAL GRANT AND THE PRESIDENCY.

WE have not felt much interest in the symptoms of political hydrophobia seen here and there in connection with the name of General Grant; but recently these indications have become sufficiently marked to justify a passing reference. It is especially noticeable that it is others than the professional politicians,—a kind of outer-court body,—that show the most marked concern about his relations to the next election for President. The great political lights and the leading political papers have been especially reticent on the subject; but another class, including several second-class religious journals, have seemed to be much exercised lest something terrible were about to happen. No matter what General Grant may do or not do, it all certainly means something. He went abroad; and every-where kings and nobles, scholars and divines, artisans and operatives, united to honor him,—all of which he accepted as given to him as a representative of his country, responding to each with remarkable modesty and propriety. But all this, it is more than intimated, was simply a vast electioneering pageant, gotten up by Grant's friends and partisans to make capital for a "third term." And now he has returned, and the same things continue,—a succession of ovations greet him all over the country; but all this, it is hinted, is the work of only a very few, and these usually very disreputable persons. True, the common people every-where greet him; and the great and learned, and even some of the "rulers of the people," join in the general acclaim, and this is the most fearful fact of all.

And for all this "unwarrantable" proceeding it appears that General Grant himself is to blame. If he does not promote it he at least permits it,—and that is very naughty. If he does not by any word or action of his own do any thing to make himself a candidate for the presidency, he might at least speak out, and say that he will not serve though elected by the voice of the whole nation,—and that, too, without waiting to be formally assured that any body is seriously thinking of offering

him the presidency. Mr. Hayes volunteered, before he was elected, to announce that he would not serve a second term, which announcement a great Church dignitary declared was the best thing he ever did, but quite uncalled for. Washington, we are also reminded, declined a third term, which he had a right to do, but his so doing scarcely amounts to a Medo-Persian law for the government of all that may come after him. Possibly Grant may feel himself at liberty to make precedents as well as to follow them.

There are people who remember how some of these things stood twelve and eight years ago. Neither the party leaders nor the small fry that do their small work desired Grant for President in 1868; but the wise ones very well knew that they could elect no one else, and that probably, if they did not nominate him, he would be nominated nevertheless, and elected too. Eight years ago a nomination was made against him by a portion of the party that had so reluctantly accepted him four years before, and the campaign was conducted with the rallying-cry of "Any thing to beat Grant;" but Grant was not beaten,—though for its accomplishment, as never before, politics made very strange bedfellows.

We are not the keeper of those troubled spirits who appear to be so painfully exercised at the sight of what they seem to suspect to be the shadows of coming events, else we might suggest that the utterances of prophecies have sometimes brought about their fulfillment. The people have got used to the alarm cry about the "third term," and are no longer frightened by it. The framers of the Constitution, with all their carefulness, failed to see in a possible third term the dangers of which we are now so solemnly warned, and so they made no provision against it. Nor do we see any argument against a third term that is not equally applicable against a second. Like other unsubstantial phantoms, this stalking-horse of a third term ceases to alarm as soon as it is intelligently looked at. Probably the good sense of the people may be trusted; and whatever they may do, or not do, they are not likely to be frightened by the senseless cry of "Cæsarism," nor to be startled out of their proprieties by the proposition to elect for a third time the man who has never failed in any duty devolved upon him.